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FENTON THORNE AND STEPHEN SMITH, HIS CHUM, SAT LATE IN THEIR COSY ROOM.

THE COLLEGE RIVALS; OR, THE BELLE OF PROVIDENCE.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.

Author of "\$50,000 Reward. A Romance of a Ruby Ring," "Mabel Vane," "The Masked Miner."

CHAPTER V.

STEPHEN SMITH'S LOVE-SCAPE.

On the night after the great ball in honor of Madeleine Fleming's birthday, Fenton Thorne and Stephen Smith, his chum, sat late in their cosy room, twenty-four, University Hall.

Study hours had passed—that is to say, the young men had turned resolutely away from the table, whereon lay piles of books, memoranda of algebraic calculations, torn envelopes, etc. The bright lamp, its rays now free to beam whithersoever they would, the shade being removed—shone cheerily around the room.

It was certainly very comfortable in old "Twenty-four, U. H.," however bleak and raw wailed the winds without.

Fenton Thorne's face wore a disturbed, uneasy expression, as if his mind had been grappling with some knotty question, and that the question had gotten the better of the mind.

Stephen Smith sat quietly by, apparently unconcerned, his long legs raised high above his head, his slippers resting on the edge of the mantel. The Kentuckian was lazily puffing away at a genuine "Powhatan," with a reed-wood stem, then, as now, a luxury. But, as the good fellow watched the curling festoons of blue smoke, floating above his head, it was easy to see that he was not exactly easy in mind.

The friends had been earnestly conversing, and now, in the lull which ensued, they were thinking.

"Come, Fent, my boy, draw up by the stove; 'tis a stinging night outside, and these old sashes are not as tight as they might be."

Fenton drew his chair nearer, but spoke not a word. The young Kentuckian glanced around at him.

"Come, come, Fent, rouse yourself!"

"I am not asleep, Steve."

"You had as well be! But, come, don't let those matters disturb you, though there's no denying you have acted a little queer, a little out, you know, my boy, and Myra Hoxley must think hard of you."

"I don't care a snap of my finger for her, Steve!"

"That's a step too far, my friend. You should respect her. Whatever Myra Hoxley may be, she is a woman, and occupies the position of a lady. Besides that, she and her father have been kind to you. Many a good dinner you have eaten at their table."

Stephen Smith spoke quietly and seriously.

"Pshaw, Steve! How irrational and silly you talk!" exclaimed Fenton Thorne, somewhat vexatiously.

"Shades of Euclid! I irrational and silly! And you a Freshie, Fent! By Jove, that's icy, ay, Arctic!" and the Kentuckian laughed low and good-naturedly.

"Pardon me, Steve; I did not mean to be rude, for—"

"I know it, my boy, I know it. I liked you, Fenton Thorne, from the day I first laid eyes on you. To save you from college tricks and annoyances I took you in with me. And, Fent, your face was good, and I wanted you for a friend."

The last words were spoken in a low, soft tone, as the Junior looked kindly upon his chum.

"Yes, yes, Steve, my good old fellow, and you know I love you," and the young man drew closer to his friend's side.

"I believe it, Fent, and that's enough for me. But," he said, in a serious tone, "the other, 'you did wrong last night in slighting Myra Hoxley.' I tried to warn you."

"I was wrong, Steve; I confess it. But I tell you, my friend, when I was under the influence of that angel's eyes, when I felt the warm, gushing presence of Madeleine Fleming, I could not tear myself away! There!"

Several moments passed in silence; but Stephen was in the humor of talking, in fact, he was communicative.

Suddenly he turned toward Fenton.

"Fent," he said, in a serious tone, his large eyes beaming frankly on his friend, "you love Madeleine Fleming!"

The Freshman started at the suddenness of the accusation; he colored vigorously and stammered:

"No, no—"

"Don't deny it, Fent; your manner owns to the 'soft impeachment.' I say you love the maiden!"

"And who made you so smart, Steve?" asked the other, reddening, and attempting an evasion.

"I am not over smart, my boy; but I have eyes, and—I can see," was the significant reply.

"See! What did you see, Steve?" asked the Freshman, feverishly, evidently fearing and expecting a revelation.

"I saw—why, I saw you constantly in the young lady's company—I saw your every gesture and movement, speaking admiration; I saw—"

"Enough, Steve! I stand confessed! Now shine me; for I do love Madeleine Fleming with my whole heart and soul; I worship the ground she treads; I would even bottle the air she—"

"There, Fent! Enough. I am a Junior, you know, and allow some latitude of speech with Freshmen; so, permit me to say, my boy, that you are getting a trifle silly."

The Kentuckian's words were as pithy as his tone was dry.

"You have no heart, Steve, else you would not speak thus!" exclaimed the youth, passionately.

"What! I, Stephen Smith, of Kentucky, no heart! Spirit of my departed ancestry! But, joking aside, Fent, I have a heart—a warm heart, a heart filled with love for two."

"Two, Steve? Why you deceitful—"

"Yes, I love two devotedly," said the Junior, quietly, as he watched the rings of smoke which floated from his mouth.

"Then you should be ashamed of yourself, Steve! Your conduct is not honest! Two, indeed! And may I be bold to ask who they are—these chosen two?"

"Certainly, and I'll answer."

"Well?"

"First, my dear old mother in Kentucky—God bless her! Second, Fenton Thorne, the Freshman, God bless him!" was the soft, almost inaudible reply.

"Dear, dear, Steve!" and the youth crept

closer still to his friend, and took his hand affectionately, almost reverentially in his own.

But, Stephen Smith was himself again. "Go away, Fent," he muttered, "or you'll make me childish. But now, my friend, that you have confessed a secret to me, I suppose you can keep one from me?"

"Try me, Steve," was the quick reply.

"Well, Fent, I once had a love-scape, myself."

The Kentuckian spoke very calmly and carelessly as the blue smoke curled around his head.

"You, Steve! Why you never told me this before?"

"I had no occasion to do so, and why should I tell you?"

"Because I trust you with all my secrets—every thing!"

"No you don't," said the Junior.

"At all events then, Steve, I try to do so," said Fenton, looking down.

"Keep on trying, Fent, and you will tell me—much more."

Fenton Thorne covertly turned his gaze on his friend's face and scanned it hurriedly, though closely. But Stephen Smith's swarthy visage was calm and innocent, and he was still watching the last feathery ring of smoke that circled above him.

"Well, tell me all about it, Steve; I want to hear every thing you know. I never dreamed of such a thing! Go on, old fellow; 'tis just half-past ten, and I could sit up all night to hear your love-scape."

"Could you, indeed? However, it takes but a few moments, and after all it may not interest you. Nevertheless, in view of certain circumstances, I thought I would tell you."

"Go on, good old Steve, and don't tantalize a fellow so!"

"All right. Listen, Fent; but you are quite sure you would like to hear of this confounded love-scape of mine?"

"Of course, Steve; I am dying to hear it."

"Exactly. Well, one year ago, on my return to Providence after vacation, I became acquainted with a bewitching young creature, just sixteen—and a blonde. Oh! those soft blue eyes!"

"Yes, Steve; your taste was good. Madeleine's eyes are blue, too?"

"Exactly, Fent; but don't interrupt me; I am getting sleepy. Well, I fell in love with this fairy, just as you have fallen in love. Ah! I was in love—then! At every opportunity, in and out of place, I waited on the girl. I neglected my studies, just as you are going to do, wrote poetry—the veriest trash! Oh! the fool that I was, and you'll be the same before you're cured. And finally—yes—I—she only sixteen, you know—I, I proposed!"

"Yes, yes, Steve; and what then?" and Fenton leaned over, anxiously, to get the answer.

"What then? Enough, truly, for me; for, thank my stars, I was restored once more to my senses, and managed by a late industry to remain in college."

"But, Steve, what are you talking about? Of course the girl said yes, and requested you to wait till you had graduated?"

Stephen Smith bent his head and pondered

ed for a moment. Then looking up, he said, very quietly:

"If my memory serves me aright, the maiden answered, very distinctly, 'no.'"

"Oh! what a pity! what a pity!"

"You can not mean it, Fent?" and a bright smile flashed over the Kentuckian's dusky visage.

"I do! The girl treated you meanly! She did not know you. But, Steve, her name?"

"You have seen her?"

"Well, well, trust me a little further; her name, Steve, her name?"

"MADELEINE FLEMING."

Stephen Smith still smoked on, and watched the blue rings floating above him.

CHAPTER VI.

CONSPIRACY.

MYRA HOXLEY, by some enthusiastic admirers called the belle of Providence, was the only child of old Welcome Hoxley, the owner of one of the largest cotton-mills in the neighboring suburb of Olneyville.

Myra was very highly educated, having received her tuition at a celebrated seminary on College street, just a stone's throw from the university on the hill. She had just graduated, being only eighteen years old.

Fenton Thorne, the Freshman, was about nineteen years of age. The young man had entered college only two and a half months prior to his introduction to the reader.

When the young man first came to college, he bore letters from his father to old Mr. Hoxley, the manufacturer; hence his intimacy with the family on Prospect street.

Madeline Fleming, like Myra Hoxley, was motherless; but she was blessed in having such a father as old Arthur Fleming, the refined tea merchant.

There was no cordiality between Welcome Hoxley and Arthur Fleming, perhaps not the slightest good-will, though their daughters were, seemingly, intimate and affectionate.

Of Stephen Smith and Ralph Ross the reader will learn more if he continue to the end of this veracious life history.

Welcome Hoxley, the manufacturer, walked, in an excited manner, up and down the limits of his elegant sitting-room. It was early evening. The gas had just been lighted, and tea had but now been served.

Myra, as usual in an elegant evening dress, sat near a sewing-table. She was leaning one elbow on the table, gazing abstractedly at the light needlework before her. Occasionally she chewed viciously at her lip, while a scowl wrinkled her narrow, white forehead.

"Confound the boy! He was rude and insulting!" exclaimed the old man, suddenly, pausing and flinging himself into a large velvet-cushioned chair. "To be taken by the baby-face of Madeleine Fleming! Fleming! Bah! I hate the name. I only regret, Myra, that I allowed you to attend the ball at this old Sir Absolute Everybody's house."

"I, too, father; then Fenton had not seen this siren."

"Siren! By Jove, you speak truly! She is a siren, or a witch! But, then, Fenton, the booby! I thought he loved you?"

"I do not know, father; I thought the same. But Fenton Thorne is no booby."

"Ah, indeed? Then he is a rascal; you can choose for yourself! I tell you, Myra, this affair, this love-scape between these two young fools shall go no further; I have good reasons that it should stop now—at once."

"I say, amen, father."

"Do you love this boy faithfully, Myra? Do you love Fenton Thorne at all?" suddenly asked the old man, looking straight at his daughter.

But the girl did not reply at once. A slight crimsoning tinge flashed for a moment over her marble face, and then she answered:

"Yes, father; I love Fenton Thorne."

The words were calm and earnest.

"Do you love him, solely for himself? Of course, my daughter, you know that old Thorne is a very Cressus?"

"I know it, father, and I love Fenton Thorne, first for his expected gold, second, and in less degree, to cheat others, and for himself."

"Ah!" ejaculated the old man, with a self-satisfied chuckle, "that's right, Myra, that's right! Always have an eye open to the main chance. And, my daughter, here his voice sunk very low, 'we must secure your aims, must arrange things, so that there can be no failure. I will aid you. This princely fortune must not be allowed to slip away from you; for I—I—need an alliance, just such a one as Fenton Thorne and his thousands would make. Let us see that no one can approach us unawares, and then, Myra, we will have a little confidential talk.'"

"Yes, father."

The old man arose, and going to the door, opened it and looked out into the hall. Then he closed the door, turned the key in the lock, and came back, drawing his chair, at the same time, close to Myra, who still sat by the table.

"Myra," he began, in a low, excited tone, "we must spoil this little game at once; and, hark you, girl, we must not scruple at the means."

His voice was harsh, almost menacing. But the girl was made of stern stuff; she was not apparently startled at the words of such dark import, or she had nerve enough to conceal it.

"I am listening, father, and respond ay

to what you say," she answered, raising her lustrous black eyes to the old man's gaze.

That look revealed to the father that his daughter had the will to plot and execute any thing.

"I have every confidence in you, Myra. I will speak freely. We are working together—I for you, you for me—that is, indirectly, you know. And, my daughter, we can not afford to fail!"

"You are certainly in earnest, father," said the girl, quietly.

"It behooves me to be, my daughter. But in this sudden affair I am actuated by two motives."

"And those motives, father?"

"MONEY AND REVENGE!"

"Revenge, father? You astonish me. Revenge! And upon whom?"

"Arthur Fleming; may Heaven curse him and his!" was the fierce answer.

Myra Hoxley started violently, and sat upright; her attention was now thoroughly aroused.

"What mean you, father?" at length she stammered.

"You are blind, Myra, to fail to see that between Arthur Fleming and myself there is no love lost."

"I have thought it, father."

"Now you know it. I despise the man, the ground he treads, the air he breathes! But, my daughter, you are old enough to be intrusted with a secret; I will tell you one."

"Yes, father; I am listening."

"Arthur Fleming and myself grew up together here in Providence. As far back as I can remember, we were rivals. We entered the same school; Fleming secured the prizes, ay, every one, on entrance. We went to college, and again Fleming was victorious, while I gained no honors. Time passed on, and, as fortune would have it, I fell in love with a white, pale-faced girl, a doll baby, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, the image, Myra, of Madeleine Fleming. Don't start. She loved me, so she said; but she falsified, as events proved. Accidentally Arthur Fleming—how I hate him—saw the girl, and, well, in a word, he married her. More than that, he secured that which I was mainly after, the girl's large fortune! We met—Fleming and myself—we quarrelled. I slapped his face. He challenged me; a duel was fought, and, to-day, in wet weather, I feel my rival's pistol-ball here," and he placed his trembling, nervous hand on his shoulder.

"Nor was this all," continued the old man, after a pause; "for then came the great battle of life—the struggle for success, for money. Fleming was already rich, by his wife; and I—I—had a scanty patrimony. But, thank Heaven, I did succeed. Arthur Fleming and Welcome Hoxley are still secret foes and avowed rivals! Yet, Arthur Fleming is not as rich as he once was! There was a time when he owned a dozen as fine ships as ever sailed the seas. But now, and I—I, am the owner of the largest mills in Olneyville!"

But, those last words of the old manufacturer were not spoken triumphantly; there was a shade of doubt, of sadness, and a tinge of melancholy in the tones of Mr. Hoxley.

Myra, after listening to her father's story, sat still. Then she looked up and said:

"Well, father, our day of triumph must come! I must win Fenton Thorne from Madeleine Fleming—I must marry Fenton Thorne!"

"I say, amen, to that!"

"I'll triumph, father; I doubt it not. Ralph Ross is our ally, too, and—"

"Ralph Ross! He'd have been your husband, Myra, but he had no money!"

"Pshaw, father! I hate him, and—Ha! there's the bell."

Old Hoxley strode to the door and turned the key. Then he quietly resumed his seat.

A few moments, and the girl tapped on the panel. Then, without waiting, she opened the door and handed in a card.

Myra Hoxley's lip curled with scorn, as she glanced at the engraved bit of paste-board.

"Tell the gentleman, Mary," she said, in a voice like ice, "that I am engaged, and not in the mood to receive him, of all visitors. Tell him my exact words, and here, give him back his card."

The girl stared, but, taking the card, bowed and left the room.

In a moment more, through the open door of the sitting-room, old Hoxley and his daughter heard the heavy street-door shut, and heavy steps hurrying away.

"The impudent fellow!" exclaimed Myra, bitterly.

"Who was it, my daughter?"

"Fenton Thorne, the Freshman," was the laconic reply.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAGER OF BATTLE.

Two days after the eventful ball, and the morning after the occurrence, as related in the foregoing chapter, Fenton Thorne sat in his room in college. He had just returned from chapel exercises, and was waiting now for the bell, to summon him to the recitation room.

Stephen Smith was striding vigorously up and down the chamber, book in hand, and making a worthy effort to conquer his lesson.

As usual, Stephen had postponed studying until the last moment.

The Kentuckian was not in good humor, for he had already missed more recitations than was exactly compatible with an honorable standing in his class.

At length he stopped and cast the text book, most emphatically, upon the table.

"There! Lay there! will you? I'll not

get the headache, by cramming into the said head what it can not receive, and what it does not more than half believe!"

"Heigho! What's the matter, Steve?" asked Fenton, glancing around.

"Why, I don't know this stupid lesson, and you are aware, that the old doctor never forgets me!"

"Cut the recitation, Steve," said the Freshman, suggestively.

"No, I thank you, not to-day! This is my last chance, and my 'list' is just minus one of notifying our respected 'Governor' of his hopeful's collegiate delinquencies. Thanks to the dog-star, for you and I were both born under it, old 'Cax' found us out as I expected, on the night of the ball. Hence my full 'list.' The snow-storm and Myra Hox—hallo!" he exclaimed, as the door was suddenly opened, and a letter flung in.

"Tis for you, Fent, a dropped letter, too," said Stephen, casting the sealed missive toward his friend.

The Freshman took the letter and glanced inquiringly at the strange superscription. Then, tearing open the envelope, he spread out the folded sheet, and began to read.

At first, his face crimsoned; then a deadly pallor passed over it, as he read on; he bit his lip furiously.

Really, it required but a moment to read, that note; for, however weighty the contents, they were briefly given.

"Tis nothing serious—no, dispatch, I hope, Fent?" and the Kentuckian looked anxiously at his friend.

"Not exactly serious, Steve, but certainly very annoying. Read the letter yourself, and he handed the half-crushed missive over to his friend.

Stephen Smith took it, and without ado read as follows:

"FENTON THORNE, Freshman: I do not generally waste my time on puppies, or dirty my boots by kicking a Freshman; but I take this (as the most convenient) means, to notify you, that unless you make ample apology to me, I dictate that apology—for the insults you have flung at Miss Myra Hoxley, by six P. M. this day, I shall be necessitated to trouble myself to the extent of administering to you a thrashing; all on, or before the time mentioned above. A word to the wise, you know. Think a little, and wisely, and be grateful for this advice; else expect to hear soon and disagreeably from me."

Yours, patronizingly, RALPH ROSS, Esq.

"The end!" exclaimed Fenton, his face purple with passion; "if he dare lay a finger on me, I'll show him a thing or two!"

"Yes, I know you will, Fent; but he must not lay a finger on you. Take my counsel, and do not notice this bully. Should it be necessary, I can take your part in this little affair. But, you shall make no apology, that's certain. Though I—hallo! there goes the bell, and I know not ten lines in the lesson!"

The next moment, the Kentuckian, with an air of reckless determination, left the room and bent his way toward the recitation hall.

The day wore away, the old weather-stained bell, from the cupola on University Hall, sounded the usual number of its per diem calls, and the hour was drawing near when the day's work would be over.

Twice, that day, Fenton Thorne had met his burly rival, Ross; but there had been no salutation between them. It was certain, however, that the Freshman returned the Junior's sneering, menacing glance, unflinchingly.

Another point was also well established: Fenton Thorne had made no apology.

The reader must not think that the young man was unwilling to make all due explanations, and apologies too, to Myra Hoxley, should they be needed. In fact, he had that for his object in calling at the manufacturer's mansion the night before. As the reader has seen, he was rudely repulsed, and he had no apology soever to make to Ralph Ross.

Six o'clock came, then half past six. Stephen and Fenton were in their room, arranging their toilet before going to supper. Said toilet consisting in washing their hands and blacking their boots.

Suddenly a bold rap sounded on the door. Before an answer could be made, the door was opened, and the heavy figure of Ralph Ross stood there.

"Is this Fenton Thorne's room?" he asked, bluntly, peering into the dusky apartment.

The Freshman half arose, but Stephen Smith anticipated him by walking toward the door.

"No, sir, it is not," he said; "I hold priority of claim here, though I am content to share the room with my friend, Mr. Thorne."

"Ah! Thank you. Excuse me, sir, but I have a word or so to say to your friend, Mr. Thorne," and he pushed boldly by and entered the apartment.

Fenton Thorne arose promptly.

"So, I see, my Freshman friend, I failed to get your apology by post, and have called to get it direct from your lips. In default of which latter, I will appoint with you a day whereon to administer to you a gentle thrashing. Let me hear from you, and be quick about it."

This was said in the iciest of tones.

"You are a blackguard, Ralph Ross!"

Begone from this room!" retorted the

Freshman, trembling with passion, and he made a hasty stride forward. But the tall form of Stephen Smith stood promptly between the belligerents.

Ross had quickly thrown himself on the defensive.

"Sh! sh! Fent, my boy, none of this here. As for you, Ralph Ross, I thought you were too old a collegian thus to stir up a broil."

"I care not; I simply desire to chastise that sleek-faced, moral youth. But as I see I can not do so here, I'll say to him, that I'll be by Roger Williams' Rock at sunset to-morrow afternoon. If he dare show his baby-face there, I'll slap it well for him!"

The Kentuckian's face was red with anger, as he answered, indignantly:

"Compared to you, sir, Fenton Thorne is a stripling; he shall not fight you. But mark you well, Ralph Ross—I will be there."

The bully was somewhat staggered at this; but he quickly recovered himself, and said, with a sneer:

"Very good; if you are anxious for the honors of the birch, do me the kindness to make good your promise."

Without another word, he turned and strode away down the hall.

"I'll not fail you!" muttered Stephen Smith, gazing after him.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 44.)

ORPHAN NELL.

The Orange-Girl:

OR THE LOST HEIR OF THE LIVINGSTONES.

A ROMANCE OF CITY LIFE.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER IX.

JOE'S JACKS AND A BOWIE KNIFE.

AFTER a tiresome journey, Joe Sparks, the "Spider," and your humble servant, "Robert James," late of New York City, rode into the "lively" town known as "Dead Man's Gulch."

We arrived about six, in the evening. Joe was well acquainted with the town—if the miserable collection of small frame buildings, that looked as if they had been thrown, not nailed together, and weather-beaten tents, could be dignified by such a title. One thing struck me as being curious, and that was, that every third shanty was a liquor saloon. I wondered, how they all lived—in fact, put the question to Joe, knowing him to be well posted in the premises.

"Live? Blazes! I reckon they do, an' make heaps of money, too. Why, you see, arter dark a feller hasn't anywhere else to go, 'cept to go an' chist some benzine somewhar. Arter supper I'll take you round an' show the sights."

"Show me the elephant, eh, as we say, in New York?"

"Elephant? Blazes!" responded Joe, emphatically; "we ain't got no elephant hyer; it's a grizzly b'ar, claws an' all."

We proceeded to a hotel, kept by an intimate friend, as he assured me. It was a small two-story frame shanty, dignified by the title of "Metropolitan Hotel." The board was only three dollars per day, which Joe assured me was really dirt-cheap—and the food was awful, or, as Joe expressed it in his homely way, "the peck was tough!"

The landlord of the "Metropolitan" was a big, burly fellow, whom his guests familiarly addressed as Bill Jones.

Mr. Jones received us with a welcome that plainly showed that he held Mr. Joe Sparks in high esteem.

Let's flicker, gentlemen! was about his first salutation. I had already noticed that, in the mining region, to be able to drink whisky well, was an accomplishment held in high regard. Now, as I had entirely sworn off from the use of the dangerous fluid, it placed me in a peculiar predicament, for to refuse to drink with a man in the Far West is almost the same as to offer him a direct insult; but in this dilemma, I had happily compromised the matter by drinking ale—that, in my view, of the subject, not containing spirits enough, to violate my oath.

The ceremony of "liquoring" being over, Joe proceeded to inquire how matters and things were in and around "Dead Man's Gulch."

"Lively, gentlemen, lively!" was Mr. Bill Jones' response. Another peculiarity of the Far West—the frequent use of the term, "gentlemen," and you can offer no greater insult to some rough, uncouth boor of a fellow, than to tell him that he is "no gentleman!"

That once spoken, look out for bowie-knives, and revolvers—about the first "arguments" these "gentlemen" resort to.

"Struck any new 'leads' lately?" asked Joe.

"Yes, quite a good one 'bout a week ago, in 'Sucker Bend.' It 'pans' out fast-rate, an' they do say that it's the best strike yet," responded Mr. Jones.

"Who struck it?" asked Joe.

"A feller from Iowa, named Pete Brown—a nice, quiet sort of a chap. He got out nigh five thousand dollars' worth of stuff afore anybody got wind of it. I know the Bend's out of the way a little. Wal, in course, the moment it was knowed, the other fellers phied right in onto him;

but he'd staked out his claim all right, so he kinder had the best of it; so they formed a stock consarn, and bought out half his claim." Here the landlord deposited a huge chew of tobacco in his capacious jaws.

"Brown has a good thing of it," I said; "is he working the claim now?"

"No, the poor cuss is dead," said the landlord, in a melancholy tone.

"Dead?" exclaimed both Joe and I.

"Yes, he's passed in his checks," said Jones.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Wal, thar ain't anybody that knows exactly; that is, ef they do know, they don't say. He were found one morning in the road atween here and 'Sucker Bend,' stone-dead."

"Murdered?" I exclaimed.

"Wal, that's jist what we can't tell. Thar wasn't any mark of violence on the body—nary bullet-hole or knife-cut."

"Did he have any money with him?"

"Wal, he did. Ye see, he brought quite a pile up to town with him, an', arter he'd waked snakes round with the boys for a spell, and punished considerable 'benzine,' he went into 'English Bob's' gambling saloon, an' played 'poker' with Bob an' old 'White-head'; an' they do say, he won high onto five hundred dollars, so that he must have had 'bout a cool thousand with him," answered Jones.

"Did they find any money on the body?" I asked.

"Nary money!"

"Well, it is evident, then, that he was murdered for his gold."

"That's the p'int!" cried Jones, bringing his hands together with a hearty smack; "but how the blazes they 'fixed' him without leaving any sign, is what knocks us."

"Is anybody suspected?"

"Wal, some folks have an idea—folks will think, ye know—but a man don't like to say right out, 'cos we've got a heap of ugly customers hyer, an' they all hang-together. I've my 'spicions, in course, but I ain't anxious to have them git at me. It would be a damned good thing for the town to raise a vigilance committee hyer, an' 'clear' some 'em out."

The landlord lowered his voice as he spoke.

"Who is this old 'White-head' that you spoke of?" I asked.

"Who is he?" responded Jones, with a look of disgust. "He's the darnedest skunk that ever lived; he's a fellow nigh onto sixty, with a head jist as white as snow, an' he's the biggest thieving gambler you ever did see. When he first came to town—that were 'bout a month ago—he pretended to be dreadful pious, an' they do say he tried to git up a prayer-meeting one Sunday. Anyway, he's an awful critter at speechifying. But pooty soon he 'fined' in with a set of roughs an' gamblers hyer, jist as natural as ef he'd bin with them all his life."

Here was food for reflection. Might not this old "White-head" be the very man I was in search of—Browning, the runaway preacher? The landlord's description answered to the one that had been obtained of him in Buffalo; he was about sixty years of age, and his hair was white as snow.

"Any idea where he came from, Mr. Jones?"

"Wal, yes; from New York State, I hearn tell. They say he used to be a preacher thar."

It was my man, sure! Now then, if fortune but stood my friend—if I could discover from him all the particulars of the marriage of Salome Percy and the birth of her child—enough proof to satisfy the law—I should win the game at last!

I proposed to Joe, that, after supper, we should stroll down the street to the saloon of "English Bob," and see what was to be seen there. Joe assented to the proposition at once.

"Look a-here, gentlemen!" cried our worthy host, "if you play keards 'down thar, jist keep your eyes peeled, 'cos they're on the gorge from the word go; an' jist keep your wopons handy, 'cos they're quick as lightning on the trigger."

Jist so," said Joe, laconically. "I reckon they'd better not try any 'little game' onto me, or I'll start a grave-yard hyer on my own account."

Mr. Jones winked both eyes in a highly significant manner—suggested that a little "benzine" was good before supper, and remarked that he'd back Joe "agin" his weight in wild-cats, then we "poisoned" ourselves and went in to supper.

Supper over, Joe and I started down the street. The saloons seemed to be full of people—rough, uncouth-looking fellows, but flush with money. "English Bob's" saloon was 'way down the street, pretty near the outskirts of the town.

The saloon was nothing but a one-story shanty. It was filled by a crowd of rough fellows, nearly all of them flushed with liquor. Gambling was going on with great vigor. In the center of the room a rouble-table was in full blast, surrounded by an anxious crowd, who were betting their gold-dust freely. Round went the wheel; spinning went the marble; see how anxious were the faces of the lookers-on, some of whom, perhaps, had all their fortune hazarded upon this momentary chance.

"Are winks, gentlemen!" shouted the presiding gambler.

"Cuss the luck!" cried a bearded miner; "thar goes the last of my pile!" Then, with an oath, he pulled his broad-brimmed

slouch over his eyes and sallied forth into the darkness.

"Thar feller's lost all his pile," whispered Joe to me; "it's ten to one he'll tackle somebody to-night, 'cos he feels bad, an' 'll ef he kill some one or git killed."

A group of four playing "poker" at a small side-table attracted my attention. Three of the four were rough-bearded men, with repulsive faces, that had a sort of hang-dog expression about them—faces that one would not dare to meet alone on a dark night. The fourth one was an old man, with hair as white as snow, said hair cut short and sticking out like bristles all over his head. He was cleanly shaven, something of a rarity in the mining region, where full beards are all the fashion. His face was thin, the skin of a dirty yellow tinge that contrasted with the white hair; his nose was hooked like the beak of a bird of prey, and the sharp little gray eyes that peered forth from beneath shaggy white eyebrows, suited well with the rest of the face.

"That's my man!" I said to myself. Then I called Joe's attention to the party.

"Thar big feller thar with the red hair and beard is 'English Bob.' He's a bruiser, he is. They tried to git up a match atween him and me once, up in Montana, but he come an' tuck a look at me an' then he backed out of the job," said Joe.

"Why he's bigger than you are, Joe?" I said.

"I tain't a man's size that tells so much in a fight as how hard he kin hit, an' how plucky he is. When I were on the fight, I wain't afeard of any man in the diggin's, big or little. I don't know but as how I liked one of these big, clumsy chaps best, 'cos I'm s'pry as a cat an' could lick 'em all to pieces afore they could git in a blow at me at all."

"Then you didn't make a match with him?"

"No, cuss him! I'd have liked to, 'cos he did some putty tall talking round about, how he could handle me," and the "Spider's" eyes snapped as he looked at "English Bob," and mentally took his measure.

"Do you know that old man with the white head?" I asked.

"Nary no!" responded Joe. "He looks like a deep old cuss. Say, kin you play 'poker'?"

"Yes, some!" I said.

"Wal, I can't; that is, I can't play well enough for them chaps. Kin you cheat?"

"Cheat?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Yes, 'cos that's the game they play here. Kin you tell when they try to cheat you, an' kin you cheat back ag'in?"

"Yes; there's not many professional gamblers that can handle a pack of cards better than I can; but, what do you want to know that for?"

"Cos I want you to play 'poker' with them chaps an' lather 'em, an' ef you find they cheat, better not you, can, jist you catch 'em right at it, seize the trick, give me the wink, an' ef they show fight, I'll climb on their eyebrows lively."

"But, suppose they draw pistols or knives?"

"Draw blazes! I'll have the first flick in this fight, an' let me give one on 'em a hot 'un, under the ear an' they won't draw no wopons, not jist yet," and the Spider's hard hands closed convulsively at the idea of a blow to his own cheek.

"Hold on, Joe; don't be in a hurry," I said. "Count the cost, first. Is it safe to tackle this fellow right here in his own saloon? He may have a lot of roughs to assist him."

"That's all hunky," responded Joe, with a wink. "There's 'bout a dozen of my pals hyer; didn't you see me nod to that table-full of chaps over thar? They'll back me, tooth an' nail, hide an' hair. Jist you go in. Hyer's five hundred that I borrowed from Jones on my 'claim.' Go the hull pile of you git a chance!"

"All right! I'm your man!" I cried.

I took the money, shoved it into my pocket, and approached the table. The game they had been playing had jist come to an end. One of the miners having "lost his pile"—that is, lost all he had—rose from the table, and lounged over toward the bar, which was, at the further end of the saloon. I instantly took his place.

"Good-evening, gentlemen! I should like to join in the game, if you haven't any objection," I said. I noticed a glance of satisfaction exchanged between "English Bob" and the white-headed old man.

"Certainly, sir," responded the old man, in a clear, courtly voice, a relic of the civilization he had left behind him; "from the East, I presume?"

"Yes!" I said.

"What State?" he asked.

"Buffalo, New York." The old man started; I began to think that fortune had again befriended me, and that the fickle goddess had thrown right in my path the very man I was in search of.

"From Buffalo, eh?" said the old gambler, with a vain effort to conceal his agitation. "What might I call your name?"

"Anson Livingstone," Again the old man started; a puzzled look appeared upon his face, as he looked curiously into mine.

"I knew one Anson Livingstone about twenty years ago. He was of New York city."

"Yes, and he was married at Buffalo in 1843," I said, quietly, interrupting him in his speech.

"Ye—ye—yes!" he stammered, in utter bewilderment.

Fortune had indeed favored me; this was Browning, and no mistake!

"That Anson was a distant relation of mine," I said, in explanation.

"Yes, I supposed so," said the old man; but I could plainly see, from his manner, that my explanation did not satisfy him. He evidently looked upon me in the light of an enemy, or, if not an enemy, one that might become one.

"Come, gents," said "English Bob," in a hoarse tone, that reminded one of the croak of a bull-frog, "let's begin; life is short an' we kin not afford to waste any onto it." Bob shuffled the "papers," we out for deal, which fell to him, and we commenced to play. Joe had taken up a position behind my chair. I noticed that "English Bob" looked at him every now and then in a manner that boded him no good.

The game went on. We played, at first, for small amounts only. I soon discovered that the worthy "gentlemen" with whom I had the honor of playing were not only sad cheats but bungling ones. Another simple fact, and that was that they were all in partnership against me. Thar didn't trouble me much, for I could handle the cards much better than they; so, whenever they "put a job" and "packed" the cards for me, I generally spoilt it by a skillful "cut." At the end of about two hours, I was about five hundred dollars ahead on the game.

My worthy friends began to get agitated; their money was about gone. "Bob," with an oath, called to his barkeeper to bring another thousand. The barkeeper—a stout young rough—brought the gold-dust, done up carefully in little bags, duly stamped, and placed himself behind "Bob's" chair. I suspected some foul play by this, especially when "Bob" and the barkeeper held a whispered consultation together.

"Look out for equals!" said Joe, warningly, in my ear. I bent over the table to take up my cards, and, at the same time, threw my coat open by a careless motion, so I could easily get at my "bowie."

It was my deal, and I "fixed" the peck for Mr. Bob. He cut them without disturbing my arrangements in the least, and I dealt off the hands. To myself I gave four jacks and a king; to "English Bob" three kings, a nine, and an ace; to the others a small pair apiece. I calculated that "Bob" would go in heavy on his hand, which was a tolerably strong one, but which mine would beat and take the pile. It was diamond cut diamond.

As I anticipated, "Bob" went in strong; the others "passed," and the game lay between him and myself. Up planked we the gold-dust, until at last "Bob" put up the last of his thousand. I could not understand his going it quite so rashly, for his hand could be bent, and that he knew as well as I. So I made up my mind that there was some trick in the background. However, I covered his money and "called" him.

He grinned, for a moment, deliberately dropped his cards down upon the floor and then stooped to pick them up.

The barkeeper stooped at the same time, as if to assist him. I saw the dodge at once; the barkeeper had another "hand" ready, and would change cards with him. My guess was correct; for Mr. Bob, with a grin, laid down on the table four aces and a jack.

"I rake this pile!" he cried, and, sure enough, he did so.

"Not quite!" I exclaimed. "I can beat that!"

"You kin! With what?" he asked, contemptuously.

"An Arkansas band; four jacks and a bowie-knife!" I cried, throwing down my cards, and whipping out my bowie-knife, at the same time clutching the gold-dust.

Bob made a movement as if to draw a weapon, when Joe, who had observed the motion, struck him a terrific blow between the eyes, which knocked him into the crowd senseless. In another second a free fight was in full operation. Joe and I, however, had too many friends, and in about ten minutes we cleaned out all the roughs. Bob was carried off by some of his friends. In the fight the white-headed old man had received a blow on the head, which had rendered him insensible. I got a couple of his friends to carry the old man up to Jones' hotel, at my suggestion. I felt sure that it was Browning, the minister who had married Salome Percy to—Well, of that hereafter.

The clue was in my hands now, I must be blind, indeed, if I could not unravel the tangled skein of guilt and crime I had

CHAPTER X.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

THIRTY MINES carried the old man known as "White-head," but whom I felt sure was Browning, into Jones' hotel, and placed him on the bed in the room assigned to Joe and myself.

"The old man was still insensible, and Jones, who examined the wound on his head, declared it to be, in his opinion, a very dangerous one, and advised that a doctor be sent for at once."

"Is it possible that there is a doctor near at hand?" I inquired.

"Sartin," responded Jones; "Dr. Smith, he's a bull-termer; heaps of practice, too, 'pecially arter we've had a feeble difficulty hyer an' shot half a dozen, or so, jist for fun."

"Will some one go for him?" I asked.

"I'm your man, boss!" cried a stalwart specimen of humanity, who had been particularly distinguished in the previous melee, using a heavy arm-chair as a weapon with great success upon the heads of his opponents, and away he started.

I turned my attention to the wounded man. At Jones' suggestion, the room was cleared, Joe and I alone remaining. The rest accepted the cordial invitation of Mr. Jones to "licker" down-stairs.

I bathed the old man's head with water, and applied a wet towel to his temples. This had the desired effect, for, in a few minutes, he opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he asked, in a feeble voice.

"You're among friends, sir," I replied.

"That's so!" cried Joe. "You got an ugly lick onto your head down yonder, an' as the crowd you were hangin' onto bolted without lookin' arter you, we took care on you, though I do think you're a pison old cuss."

"My head feels very bad," he said, faintly. "I wonder if I am going to die? But I'm not fit to die; I've much to do, much to say, and—"

Here he paused, happening to look up in my face.

"You said your name was Livingstone—but it isn't; you lied to me!"

"You are right," I replied; "quite right, Mr. Browning."

"Ah! you know my name?" and he looked up eagerly in my face as he spoke.

"Yes," I answered.

"Are you a detective in search of me?" he gasped.

"I am a detective and in search of you," I answered, "but not for the purpose which you imagine. I am acting in behalf of the child of Salome Percy."

"Salome Percy?" muttered the old man, thoughtfully. "Yes, I remember; the girl from Little Falls that I married in Buffalo to the New-Yorker. Ah! it was a foolish marriage for her, poor child."

"Very true, and the child of that marriage—"

"Yes, yes! I know; called Salome, like her mother," interrupted the old man.

"Exactly," I replied; "that girl now suffers, because there is no proof of her mother's marriage."

"No proof!" cried the old minister, suddenly; "yes there is, plenty of proof; the marriage-certificate, the witnesses—all are in Buffalo; all the witnesses are living—I know where they are."

"Will you give me the information so that I can find these proofs?" I asked, eagerly.

"Give? He! he!" and the old man laughed, a cracked, broken laugh. "Give? No one ever gave me any thing! I'll sell it, though."

It was evident that the wretch was recovering. In his helpless condition I should have felt reluctant to use the power I had to force him to comply with my wishes, but now as it was evident that he meant to make the most of the knowledge he possessed, and was not disposed to aid the orphan girl to gain her rights, unless he was well paid, I determined to show him that he was entirely at my mercy.

"You will not give me this information unless I pay you for it?"

"No!" came dryly from his lips.

"Ah, you think so?"

"I know so," was his answer.

"He's a pison-skunk!" muttered Joe, in a not very low tone. "Here you've bought his life, an' now he wants to go back on yer. He's pison now, sure!"

The old man paid no more attention to Joe's words than if he hadn't spoken.

"Browning—that's your name, isn't it?" Robert Browning? I said, quietly.

"Yes," he answered, sulkily; "what of it?"

"Well, not much; only I arrest you."

"What?" he cried, with a start. "Arrest me for what?"

"Embezzlement and forgery!"

The old man sunk back on the bed, from which he had partly risen, with a groan.

"That were a stunner!" said Joe, looking on with an air of great satisfaction; "time!"

But Mr. Browning showed no disposition to come to "time," as Joe suggested. He was perfectly satisfied with the "round" he had already gone through.

"Are you speaking truth?" asked Browning, in a low, faint voice. "Have you really a warrant for my arrest?"

"Yes," I answered; "you're wanted in Buffalo."

"Blazes, I shouldn't think anybody would want such a sinnin' old cuss as he is anyhow. I wouldn't have his hide for a gift, nowhow you could fix it," said Joe, in deep disgust.

"And if I tell you all I know about the affair you spoke of, will you let me alone?"

"For I haven't a dollar left of the money I run away with, and it will do you no good to take me back." It was plain that the old man was in earnest. I cared nothing for the Buffalo parties; besides, as the old man said, without I could recover the money, what was the use of dragging him back. No, the information, to use against Livingstone, was all I wanted.

"I give you my hand and word I will not press the charge against you, if you will give me the full particulars regarding the marriage of Salome Percy, the birth of her child, and the man she married."

I said this to put the old man completely at his ease.

"Very well, then," he said; "I ask for nothing more. I will tell you all I know concerning the affair; but, my head feels strange. Oh! such a pain as I have in my temples!"

Just at this moment in bustled Jones and the doctor, who was a little withered-up man, with a sharp face and little round eyes.

"Good-evening, gents. Been having a little difficulty, eh?" and the doctor commenced to examine the head of the old man, first clipping the hair away from the wound with a pair of small scissors. I noticed that the doctor's face grew grave as he looked at the wound—which was indeed an ugly one—and felt the pulse of his patient.

After a few moments of silent examination, the doctor left the bedside, and drew me into a corner of the room.

"A friend of yours?" he said, inquiringly.

"Well, yes," I answered, after a moment's hesitation.

"He won't live over five hours, sir; may kick the bucket in one; the blow was a very heavy one. If he was a young man an operation might be performed and he might live through it, but he is so old; he's a gone case; five dollars, and the doctor concluded his pity remarks and held out his hand. I paid the five dollars, much to Joe's disgust.

"Say! You don't make money easy, do yer?" was the "Spider's" remark, addressed to the doctor, who only grinned at the speech and pocketed his five dollars.

"Say!" continued Joe, "if I ever git my head mashed, don't you come within ten foot of me or I'll git right off the bed an' swallow yer hull!" The doctor retired precipitately.

"He's chain-lightning, he is!" said Mr. Jones, referring to the departing doctor; "fast-rate feller; makes a leetle mistake sometimes, they do say, for I hear he'll that up country, a feller got his leg mashed, an' they called the doctor in, an' in a hurry he sawed off the wrong leg—ha! ha!" and the worthy Mr. Jones roared at the idea.

"Did the wounded man feel bad?"

"Wal, he did some, but the doctor did the squar' thing, he bought him a wooden leg an' stood the lick for the crowd."

And Mr. Jones took himself off to attend upon his guests below.

I returned to the bedside of the dying man.

"Am I going to die?" he said, suddenly.

I was astonished at the question, but before I could think of an answer he spoke again.

"I heard what the doctor said; the ears of the dying are sometimes wonderfully quick. Within the last ten minutes I have been thinking over my past life. If I had only been placed differently in the world, and the temptations around me had not been so strong, and I not so weak, I might have led a different life. Ah! here the old man heaved a deep sigh; "the snake is a snake, whether born in a wood or in captivity. It was my fate to do wrong. Now, as the last act of my life, I will do a little good. You are a friend to the child of Salome Percy?"

"Yes," I answered.

"You will see that she has her rights, if I place the proofs in your hands by which she may obtain them?"

"Yes; that is my solemn duty."

"That is all I ask. Listen, for my story must be short; I feel that I am growing fainter."

I brought a chair to the bedside and sat down in it, to listen to the story of the dying man.

"In the year 1843," he began, "I was a regularly-ordained minister in the city of Buffalo, State of New York. One day a gentleman called to see me; he was quite a young man, with light curly hair and dark-blue eyes—eyes that shone as though they were made of polished metal. This man was a New-Yorker—a scion of one of the oldest New York families. His business with me was of a peculiar nature; he desired me to marry him that night to a young girl, by name, Salome Percy. The marriage was to be a secret one, unknown to his folks and hers. At first I refused, but the offer of one hundred dollars—money was no object to him—won me to consent. I was poor and weak in honesty; the temptation came, and I yielded. That night I united in marriage, Anson Livingstone, of New York City, to Salome Percy, of Little Falls."

"This was in '48?" I said, taking notes.

"Yes; the witnesses to the marriage were Stephen Quirk, my servant, and the grocer who kept in the store below, by name, James R. Watson. Both of these men are now living in Buffalo, and can testify regarding this marriage, if necessary."

"Then the marriage can be proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt?" I asked.

"Yes, I have the marriage-certificate; but of that I will speak in a little while. Anson Livingstone paid me the hundred dollars, and he and his wife departed. About ten months afterward, I happened to pick up a New York paper, and in it I read a full account of the marriage of Anson Livingstone and Clara Brevoort. I was thunderstruck; my first thought was that Salome's first wife had died; but two days after I was surprised by a visit from Salome Livingstone in person. I, of course, gave her her husband's name. She was, in great distress. She told me that, ever since

her marriage, ten months before, she had lived in Buffalo, her husband being with her part of the time; the rest he spent in New York. They lived happily together, until Anson's father, old Livingstone, happened to discover, from one of his son's friends who was in his confidence, that his son was married. This discovery put the old man in a terrible rage, as he had arranged a match for his son with Clara Brevoort, daughter and heiress of William Brevoort, who was then one of the merchant princes of the great metropolis, and closely connected in business relations with Livingstone. Old Livingstone was a man of few words, but of many deeds; he called his son to him and asked the truth of what he had heard. Anson did not deny his marriage, but confronted his father and braved him. This enraged the old man still more; he said but little, but that little was terrible. He told his son that he had arranged a marriage for him with Clara Brevoort, and that, if he did not marry her, he would cast him upon the world without a shilling. And, not only that, he would use all his influence, all his money, to crush both him and his wife. But if he would marry Miss Brevoort, why, he could easily keep his Buffalo wife in ignorance. In fact, coolly proposed that his son should commit bigamy. The son for an instant reflected, and then—consented. The loss of wealth he could not bear; he loved his wife, but he loved gold better; besides, like a great many men, his love for the young girl who had left home and friends, all for him, was not so strong now as in the first few months of married life.

"The Livingstones are a family whose hearts are iron; the steel-blue eye is a true index to their natures—cold and selfish. True to his race, Anson Livingstone came to his young wife, and, acting on her love for him—a wild, passionate love, that worshiped him as its god—he won from her a promise that she would never disturb him in his second marriage. He told her all; only he represented that his father, for a pretended forgery, had power to send him to prison if he refused. She, poor, weak child, knowing but little of the world, believing fully in his word and in his honor, and trembling for his safety, gave the required promise. He went back to New York and was married. Of course I did not know these facts then, and did not learn them until, years afterward, Salome Livingstone, on her death-bed, told me all.

"Her motive for seeking me now was that in a few months she would become a mother. She came to me, the minister who had married her, as she would have sought a father's aid. For once in my life, I did a good action. I aided the friendless girl. Her friends in Little Falls, of course, did not know that she was married. Should she go there in her present condition, of course she must either tell the truth—which would betray her husband's secret—or else expose herself to terrible suspicions. She did not then tell me the reason for keeping her marriage concealed.

"The plan I formed was simple. I was slightly acquainted with George Wilson, her uncle, at Little Falls. I went to him, told of the marriage of his niece with Anson Livingstone—cousin of the Anson Livingstone of New York—represented that her husband had been called away to Europe on business, and was not expected to return for some time; requested that Salome might be allowed to come and stop with him until her husband's return. The honest old farmer consented at once, and at Little Falls, in the year 1844, Salome Livingstone gave birth to a female child, which, at my suggestion, was named Salome after the mother."

Here the old man grew quite faint. I bathed his temples with water, and gave him some whisky from Joe's flask.

"I was present at the birth of her child, as was also George Wilson and his wife," he continued. "Salome Livingstone died one year ago, only a few months before her husband, Anson. His wife—in the eyes of the world, Clara—died two months after Anson's death. On her death-bed, Salome related all these particulars to me, and implored me to go to New York and demand justice from David Livingstone for his child Salome. She gave me her marriage-certificate, and made me promise to protect her child. I gave that promise; but, just as I was preparing to go to New York, to see Livingstone, the ten thousand dollars raised by my society for various purposes, were placed in my hands. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and I fled with the money and left the orphan child to the cold mercy of the world."

"How can I find her? and this marriage-certificate, where is it?" I asked.

"Find James R. Watson, of Buffalo, who formerly kept a grocery store there; he will give you the papers. He lives somewhere in the suburbs of the town. I intrusted the papers to him when I ran away. I intended some time, if possible, to go back and do something for the orphan; but I'm a wicked man, I fear to die; yet I am hearing the great mystery fast. In the midst of life—death!" he cried, suddenly, his mind evidently wandering. "What is it? 'To die to sleep.' Oh! I'm very tired!" He turned restlessly on his side; a faint groan came from his lips, and the erring minister lay dead before me. His spirit had fled to meet that Great Judge, who reads all human hearts, and receives alike the saint and sinner.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 41.)

THE HOUSEHOLD COQUETTE.

BY MRS. OSCAR'S POEMS.

Come hither, you wild little will-o'-the-wisp!

With your mischievous smile and your musical lip!

With your little head tossed, like a proud fairy queen,

My playful, my pretty, my petted Florine!

Did you beg of a shell, love, the blush on your face?

Did you ask a gazelle, love, to teach you its grace?

Did you coax from the clouds, of a sunset scene,

The gold of your ringlets, bewitching Florine?

Did you learn of a lute, or a bird, or a rill,

The ravishing tones that with melody thrill?

Ah! your little heart wonders what I can mean.

For you know not the charm of your beauty, Florine.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

The story which I am going to tell, gentle reader, is a true one, and goes far to prove the old saying, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

It was the year after the war in the United States that I was returning home, after a sojourn of a few months in South America; and finding that I would have to remain some weeks in a miserable little seaport town, if I did not take passage upon a small schooner bound to Portland, I concluded to risk the discomfort, and go by the little craft.

I accordingly went on board to see the captain, and was informed by him that he did not wish any passengers, and would not be bothered by any, but that he was in need of a first mate, and if I was competent, I might go as such. Rather than remain in South America, I accepted the position, and two days after we set sail, and shaped our course for the West Indies.

There were on board, besides the captain and myself, a second mate and four seamen; also a cook and a cabin-boy. Another was the captain's daughter, a pretty, sprightly girl of seventeen, who gave life to the tedious hours, that otherwise would have passed on leaden wings.

The days came and went, and one beautiful moonlight night, when off the coast of Cuba, our vessel was becalmed, and lay upon the ocean, with her large sails flapping lazily as she rolled with the gentle swell of the waves.

It was about ten o'clock, and Theone Davenport—the captain's daughter—and myself were standing near the wheel, and idly gazing out upon the moonlit sea.

Theone had just asked me if I was superstitious, and I replied:

"No, and yet I have seen some most unaccountable things happen, of which I have had a premonition."

"I do believe in superstition, and do you know, I have had a fearful thought, a presentiment, that this schooner will never get safely into port!"

"Why, Miss Theone, you have been the life of the ship!"

"My happy moods have all been forced. Hark!"

And as the young girl spoke, we listened in silence, and clear and distinct across the waters came the sound of a bell.

"One—two—three—four—five. Five bells—half past ten o'clock," I said, looking at my watch; "but where does the sound come from? At dark there was no sail in sight, and there has been no wind to bring one near us; I continued, puzzled at the strange circumstance.

"I tell you this vessel is doomed; that was its death-knell," said Theone, and her face wore a weird expression in the moonlight.

I laughed at the young girl's fears, and yet not feeling comfortable myself, descended into the cabin to report the matter to the captain.

He was seated at the table, and not answering as I spoke to him, I called again, believing him asleep; but still no answer, and as I looked at him, I noticed that his eyes were opened, his face pale, and, with a start, I stepped back, the captain was dead!

Hardly knowing what to do, I ascended to the deck, and broke the news as gently as I could to Theone.

"My God! I knew it," she uttered, as she rushed to the cabin.

I called the men aft and told them of the sad circumstance, and ordered preparations to be made for the funeral, and as I gave the order, again came the sound of a bell across the waters.

The men heard it, and with wild fright upon their faces, they looked from one to the other in silence.

Wishing to break the spell that bound them, I sent them forward upon some duty, but in less than two minutes, a man rushed aft, saying:

"The second mate is dying, sir."

I walked forward, and found it was too true; poor Carter had been stricken down with the cholera, and was in death-agonies as I approached; a moment more, and he was dead.

One by one, the crew were seized with that terrible disease, and as it struck them, all hope of life went from them.

One by one, they died, until, as the clear sounds of that distant bell came to me,

striking five bells—half-past two—the last of the crew, the poor little cabin-boy, breathed his last.

Not once had I entered the cabin; but through the four hours from half-past ten until half-past two, I had heard that bell strike, and each toll had counted the loss of one of the schooner's crew. The captain, the second mate, the cook, the four seamen, and the cabin-boy, all were dead; and as I walked aft to enter the cabin, I feared that she also might have gone.

But no; she knelt beside the dead form of her father, and her head rested upon his lap. I spoke to her, and told her of the ravages that death had made forward, and begged her to arouse herself to action.

She got up without a word, and, one by one, we consigned the captain and his men to their watery graves, with a few lines of the burial service of the Episcopal church, which I knew by heart.

The wind began to fill the sails soon after, and the schooner moved through the water, I taking the helm.

I determined to at once put back to the South American coast, and after six days of hardship, of sleepless nights and long, weary days, we sighted land, and just at dark, I went forward and let go the anchor in a safe harbor.

Hailing a passing boat, I told them of our misfortune and distress, and, more dead than alive, we were taken on shore.

Poor Theone never recovered from the shock; her reason left her, and in a madhouse, in far-off South America, she lingered for a few months, and then found rest in the grave; while I returned to the United States, and, by mingling in the gay throng of social life, endeavored to forget the horrors of that lonely voyage.

No solution of that death-bell has ever come to me; whether it was a steamer that might have lain near us for some hours, or not, I never knew; but certain it is, that each stroke counted the life of one of the fated schooner's crew.

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S. J. H., Toronto. Phonography and stenography are usually regarded as one and the same, but there is, in fact, a wide distinction, although a stenographic system may be largely phonetic. See Webster's Dictionary for the distinction. There are several systems of "short hand" now before the public, but we believe Pitman's Phonography is regarded as a kind of standard.

"Foon." Don't know where copy of "Beautiful Snow" can be had. There are several poems by that name. *Harper's Weekly*, we believe, claims to have published the original. Beadle's old Monthly Magazine also published a fine original contribution, in some respects better than the Harper poem.

W. J. C., Chicago, sends MS. WOMAN'S LOVE, asks us to write, etc., and to return MS. if unavailable, and not a stamp. MS. not available. Author will please note our explicit orders. We never preserve MSS. subject to future correspondence and orders. We are in receipt of returned letters directed by us to Lucius C. Greenwood, Chicago.

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Foolsap Papers.

Training Boys up to Usefulness.

The little matter of training boys up to usefulness amounts to a good deal in the course of a lifetime. Very much depends on how you begin, and how you succeed depends a great deal on how they turn out.

My son Balaam received more training than any other boy of his size. It was always my desire to have that boy turn out to be an honor to his race. I began to raise him on a bottle with a quill in the cork, and if he has since dispensed altogether with the quill it is no fault of mine, but a mere matter of taste with him, I am sure.

I tried to bring him up entirely by hand, but, as I found it was too hard on the hand, I employed switches. But the peach-trees soon gave out from such a constant draw on them, that I felt paternally compelled to buy a cow-hide; so, when his romantic

inclination induced him to run off and play hide-and-seek all day, I entertained him with a little game of cow-hide when he came home at night, which had the cheerful effect of making him extremely active, and strengthening his lungs. By this means I got him so he would mind what I'd tell him whenever he pleased, and it didn't trouble him a bit.

The first time he was in jail I must confess it worried me, a good deal, because I had an idea of making a preacher of him, and I didn't like the way he first entered church, which was late at night by a basement window. The worldly police incarcerated him for this act. I didn't like it very much, for it always seemed to me so much like a disgrace to be in jail, unless you are accustomed to it, and then it is not always to be preferred.

When I was very anxious to have him go on an errand, I always went myself; I hated to hurt his feelings, which I wouldn't do for the world, if I could help it.

He was one of the noblest boys perhaps that ever did boy, and I so taught him to mind me that he didn't appear to mind it at all, and when I wanted him to play, all I had to do was to tell him I wanted some wood sawed. He was very smart, and when any one would tell him anything he would immediately answer: "I know better"—he always knew better, and more of it, than anybody else, and even his teacher couldn't teach him anything, and his teacher was considered a smart man.

I naturally felt proud of the boy, which pride was doubled when I looked at other people's boys; and it always made me angry when my wife indulged him in a licking, and she got mad when I indulged him in one.

He was the most familiar child we ever had. He was perfectly familiar with the drawer where my wife kept her market-change; a little too familiar perhaps for the permanence of the change, but then he had such loving ways about him (besides his own way) that, whenever he knocked his mother down with a broom, I could hardly find it in my heart to punish him, any more than by locking him out of the house till nine o'clock at night, where he would have forgotten it by the time he came home and was all right again.

I always had a parental regard for my son Balaam, and, when he forged my name for a hundred and odd dollars, I hadn't the heart to prosecute him—anyway it can't be said that he committed a crime, for he failed to get anybody to take the note, and that was the only time I was pleased not to see my paper go.

I could hardly bear to see that boy out of my sight, and when he spent three years in a business capacity in a state institution for getting out of his mind and getting into a difficulty about the title of a horse, I visited him often, and cautioned him in regard to such mistakes.

Some time afterwards, when he interviewed a judge and twelve gentlemen in a box in regard to a question that was raised as to whom the honor was due for managing a very pecuniary highway-robbery, one pleasant evening in June, when the nightingale and every thing else was in tune—the main tune being 1500 dollars, a high tune by the way—they generously pronounced in his favor, and this morning he left, protected by the sheriff with ample papers of recommendation, to seek his fortune in a very trying field of labor. It is almost discouraging for a tender-hearted father to think upon it, and the ministerial business looks bad.

I often think there has been some oversight in my system of training, and I believe if I had other boys to raise I would exert myself to the utmost to make them do as they pleased, whether they liked it or not. Such a course is more likely to prevent those little misunderstandings which would otherwise arise between father and son. I have thought this system would be perfect, and I have suggested it to parents who seemed highly pleased with it, and offered me a large salary to take their own boys and raise them, but, as it would take so much of my time, I have felt obliged to decline.

I believe that boys will be boys until they come to be men or something else, as the case may be.

Never drive them; boys are not mules. They should not have bits in their mouths—not even bits of tobacco. What boys most want is to be let alone and plenty of it. They should not be put to trades until they are 25 or 30, when they will better see the necessity of work and stick to it better. Let them become independent by feeling that they belong to themselves. Don't measure them for a whipping with a rule or ruler—this aggravates them against you. Follow these hints, and if you don't have boys different from your neighbors you can rub it out and commence over again.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

WOMEN AND LECTURES.

SAID a young lady friend to me not long since: "Anna Dickinson lectured in F— a week ago. I wanted to hear her dreadfully, but could not go."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I had no one to go with, and of course I wouldn't go alone," was the reply.

I didn't say "Nonsense," but I thought it. If there is anything more absurd than the idea of a woman staying away from lectures because she has no escort, I

should like to know it. No matter how much she wishes to hear a lecture, nor how much good it would do her, she must not go, because she has no gentleman friend to go with! I don't think it requires any more strength to enter a lecture-room door without the support of a masculine arm, than it does to enter a church door.

This custom may do very well for the "upper ten thousand," who never lack for friends, but there are in cities thousands of workingwomen, to whom an evening at a lecture would do a world of good, who are now debarred the pleasure because they are alone in the world, and have no husband, brother, lover, or friend, to go with them. In villages, a woman may go out of an evening, independent of the sterner sex, without danger of being molested, or of having her character pulled to pieces by Mrs. Grundy. But in cities all this is changed. It is by no means merely because it is not the custom for women to go unattended, that they stay at home, but because it is not safe for an unprotected female to be abroad after nightfall. This fact is a high compliment to the chivalrous "protectors," of the weaker sex, and a gentleman must feel it in its most personal sense, I think, when escorting a lady anywhere after nightfall.

And just here occurs to me a question: If woman gets the ballot, will it secure to her the privilege of going alone where she pleases to go, either before or after dark, with safety? I would like to have an answer to this question at an early day.

Custom makes slaves of us all. There is no such thing as freedom. We are bound hand and foot by absurd conventionalities, and none of us have sufficient independence to throw off the chains. Will there ever come a time, I wonder, when we shall live for something besides appearances?

Now, I have an immense "bump" of independence, and a shocking disregard for conventionalism. And if I had been in my friend's place, I would not have sat meekly in the chimney-corner all the evening, lamenting that I could not go to the lecture. Instead, I would have donned my hat and sash, put a loaded pistol in my pocket, and gone.

"Strong-minded?" Yes, sir, enough for that!

LETTER ARTLEY IRONS.

THINKING, OR KNOWING.

BEN FRANKLIN once paid dearly for a whistle, and what did he do about it? Did he go about lamenting the loss of his coppers, and setting people against the seller? Ah, no! but he remembered the foolish bargain, and in after years, when he had gained wisdom in worldly affairs, and had seen how many were "paying too dearly for their whistles," he jotted down his own experience and reflections thereon, in such a pleasant, instructive way, that thousands have read and profited thereby. Well, I am not as wise as Franklin—not at all; but, by my talent, one, or one and a fraction, it makes no matter; I have as good a right to profit by experience as he; and if he chained the lightning to put it in service, I will try at least to improve well a little candle-light.

A long time ago, when I was perhaps half my present size, I undertook, on a very windy day, to open a large barn-door. I did open it, and what was more, I hung to it until it had completed its half-circle, which was in an incredible short space of time, when I found myself lying some ten feet from the door, with one knee quite nicely pounded on a stone! I learned considerably in that short air-excursion, but I shall leave that for the text of some future talk.

While I was staying in the house to recover the lame limb, I amused myself in watching the operation of a spinning-wheel. After an hour's close watching, I concluded I was a good spinner; could turn the wheel, and pull out, and roll up, and hitch on a fresh roll, and go through with all the formalities, and "do it brown."

Well, the time came when I was as good as new; and, one day when the wheel was idle, I spun a little, and you may give me credit for having spun some yarns since, but never from rolls. Let it suffice to say my dignity received quite a blow; I learned then this simple truth, viz: "thinking you know a thing," and "knowing that you know it," are two distinct things.

There are many who have not yet learned this, and whose assertions are always without qualification. I once handed a friend a paper containing BEECHER'S sketch of a trout-fishing excursion (which, by the way, is an inimitable sketch for naturalness), and his reply upon finishing its perusal was, "anybody that ever went a-fishing could write that!"

I presume Mr. B. will not change his estimate of his own writings, because of this disparaging answer—nor shall I; but I confess to a belief that my friend would think differently, had he a better acquaintance with the pen.

We sometimes hear men praising the fertility and beauty of some section of country remote from their own residence, in style somewhat like this: "Yes, sir! you can buy a farm there, within one mile of a village, with good water, plenty of wood, etc., etc., for less than half what it would cost here." I generally say to such a one: "Sir, I can not dispute you, as I have never visited that section; but if

your statement be true, and every thing there is just as good as here, then you are a lucky man, and my ideas of Yankee shrewdness will have to be modified somewhat; for I hold that after the first speculations are over, prices of one portion, as compared with another (taking all things into consideration), will be held at about their proper value."

There is plenty of room for enlargement upon this subject, but we can, one and all, by looking about, discover those who have no doubt that they are well fitted to perform things which they have never tried, viz: who think they can spin as well as anybody.

Of course we have no wish to hinder any one from writing, if they can write well; or from moving, if they can honestly increase their means of happiness and usefulness thereby; or from thinking they are possessed of good business talents, etc.; our advice is, "know" of that which you affirm.

DULL CHILDREN.

THE teacher of a large school had a little girl under her care, who was exceedingly backward in her lessons. She was at the bottom of the class, and seemed to care but little about what passed in it. During the school hours singing was sometimes employed as a relaxation, and noticing that this little girl had a very clear, sweet voice, her teacher said to her:

"Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead the singing."

She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she made steady progress. One day, as the teacher was going home, she overtook Jane, and one of her schoolfellows.

"Well, Jane," said she, "you are getting on very well at school; how is it that you do so much better now than you did at the beginning of the half-year?"

"I do not know why it is," replied Jane.

"I know what she told me the other day," said her companion who was with her.

"And what was that?" asked the teacher.

"Why, she said she was encouraged." Yes, there was the secret—she was encouraged. She felt she was not dull in every thing; she had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged to self-improvement.

Take a hint, dear fellow, and try to reach the intellect through the heart. Endeavor to draw out the dormant faculties of your children by discrimination, culture, and well-timed praise. Give them the credit whenever you can, and allure them with hopeful words. Many a dull-minded child has been made irretrievably stupid by constant fault-finding or ungenerous sarcasm. And, on the other hand, how often has a genial smile or an approving remark awakened into new life some slow-learning scholar!

HOW "THE LIONS" LOOK.

EMERSON looks like a refined farmer, meditative and quiet. Longfellow, like a good-natured beef-eater. Holmes, like a ready-to-laugh little body, wishing only to be "as funny as he can." Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome. Beecher, a ruddy, rollicking boy. Whittier, the most retiring of Quakers. Not one of these can be called handsome, except it is Mr. Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, in her prime, was quite handsome. Catherine Beecher is homely. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is said to be so ordinary in looks that she has been taken for Mrs. Stowe's "Biddy." Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong. So has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been a New York belle. Frances O. Osgood had a lovely, womanly face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful. Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite lovely. The Davidson sisters, as well as their gifted mother, possessed beauty. Madame de Staël was a fright, but Hannah More was handsome; Elizabeth Fry, glorious; Letitia E. Landon, pretty; Mrs. Hemans, wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt, fair and matronly; Mrs. Norton, regally beautiful; Elizabeth Barrett Browning in physique is angular; she has magnificent eyes, her face is suggestive of a Grecian temple. Charlotte Brontë had a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. Shakespeare and Milton were handsome; Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; Goldsmith and Pope were very homely featured. Addison was tolerably handsome, and Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Burns, all were uncommonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked rather ordinary, in spite of his fine head. Macaulay was homely. Bulwer, nearly hideous, although a dandy. Charles Dickens was called handsome, but covered with jewelry, he looked like a blackleg or jockey.

FLOWERS.

SOME one has said, and how truly, that "a pure passion for flowers is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence." How, during a weary illness, have we looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when, if a friend has sent a few flowers, our heart has

leaped up to their dreams, hues and odors, with a sense of renovated childhood, which seemed like one of the mysteries of our being! Flowers are ministers of grace, indeed; and their blessed presence is ever a balm. Love of them is a love of the purest beautiful; hate of them—if it were possible—is a cause for distrust. And where is the dwelling whose windows treasure a rose, a geranium, a cactus, or verbenas, there, we know, is sunlight around the hearthstone, even though sorrow may have entered at the door—there is a quiet joy which the world can not dim. Blessed flowers! Their mission is one of gladness and beauty, and we covet their presence as we covet all holy and precious things.

THE HUNTER-AUTHOR!

OUR NEW STAR.

To our corps of star writers we have the pleasure of announcing a most notable addition in the person of

CAPT. "BRUIN" ADAMS,

whose full-length portrait (in costume) and sketch of life are given elsewhere; and of whom the public is destined to hear much, both through the record of some of his remarkable adventures (by his friend and fellow-sportsman, RALPH RINGWOOD), and through the productions of his own pen in the field of

Forest and Far West Romance.

Mr. Adams, as will be seen by reference to the biographic sketch, springs from a stock of Heroes of the Woods. His uncle, the renowned bear-hunter and Indian-fighter, "Old Grizzly Adams," found in his city-bred nephew, an apt scholar, and a spirit fully as indomitable as his own, as the record of his deeds will prove. Emerging from the life of peril and adventure which he has led since 1848, he again returns to "civilization" with a mind richly stored with all that appertains to

THE PROSE AND POETRY OF PRAIRIES AND WOODS!

and will call in play his fine scholarship and his gifts as a story-teller in a series of serial stories and romantic narratives to be prepared expressly for the columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. His first work, new in our hands, is fraught with the spirit and life of the North-west wilderness—its pains, pleasures and perils—its people, pastimes and peculiar life—its stern, strong, savage hates and loves, all under the guise of

THE PHANTOM PRINCESS;

NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

A most beautiful, most exciting, most surprising tale, involving elements of intense interest and rare novelty, and in which the author has most happily introduced "Nick Whiffles," as a type of the true hunter and representative pioneer of the White Man's coming. It is Nick Whiffles, in his old days, but the same brave, honest, humorous and noble "Nick" which his creator, Dr. Robinson, made him in his several romances published by us and others. Nothing, since the appearance of

Pathfinder and Deerslayer,

has embodied more of the true spirit of the forest than this most impressive and thoroughly captivating work of Capt. Adams' pen; and readers of all ages will thank us most sincerely for the pleasure which will follow its perusal.

THE PHANTOM PRINCESS:

OR,

Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper.

WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

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THE BOY TRAPPER. By Capt. Bruin Adams.

THE WHITE WITCH; or, THE LEAGUE OF THREE. By Albert W. Aiken.

OATH BOUND; or, THE MASKED BRIDE. By Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell.

THE SURF ANGEL; or, THE HERMIT OF THE REEFS. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.

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The great care bestowed by authors and editors alike, on every department of the JOURNAL, assures that perfection which has given to our paper its proud title of

THE MODEL WEEKLY OF AMERICA!

Look out for a total eclipse of the "Old School" Weeklies in 1871!

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY CLARENCE R. EDWARDS.

I have wandered back to our home, John. That we left so long ago. When the world looked bright before us And we knew no woe nor woe; But the place is sadly changed, John. Since we played by the open door, Or romped through the lane to the meadow, Some thirty years or more.

I wandered through the orchard, John. To the spring, the old elm tree, And I gazed on the distant waters Of the ever-changing sea. And I thought of those happy hours, John. That we passed on the pebbly shore— Of the happy hours spent in the green wood, Some thirty years or more.

The old "pike" is abandoned, John. And the gate stands open wide. The tallest trees in his narrow grave "Weath' the oak on the steep hill-side. The school-house is deserted, John. And the vines creep in on the floor, Where we once had our happiest moments Some thirty years or more.

I am standing in the churchyard, John. Where the graves are thickly strewn, Where sleep the friends of my childhood In their dark and narrow home; And soon our turn will come, John. When we must shroudly go. But I hope they'll lay us where we played Just thirty years ago.

The Fickle Heart;

OR,

JOHN FAIRFAX'S ROMANCE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

She was very pretty, John Fairfax thought, with her drooping head, dusky with its close curled hair; the careless, graceful turn of her sloping shoulders as she sat there, at her writing-desk.

John Fairfax was watching her closely, more anxiously, perhaps, than he himself had any idea of, and Bessie Montcalm, all unconscious of the eager scrutiny she was undergoing, wrote on and on.

She was not possessed of those points peculiarly essential to a beautiful woman, but yet I think John Fairfax thought her fairest among all women. Perhaps for twenty minutes there was silence in the elegant room, broken only by the music of Bessie's pen as it glided across the delicate white page. Then the girl looked brightly up.

"Mr. Fairfax, have you any message to send to Julie? I am writing for her to come for the summer."

"None, except to second the cordial invitation you are giving. I hope she will honor us at Fair Mount, by a short visit at least."

"Oh, of course we'll all come over to see you and dear Mrs. Fairfax. I wonder how you'll like Ernest? He's Julie Lampport's oldest brother, you know. I think he's splendid."

A shadow came over John Fairfax's face—a dark, stern face it was, with long black hair; glittering, dark eyes, and a heavy, dark mustache, that gave him a look like a brigand.

Not exactly handsome you would have called him, but Bessie Montcalm, when she had once or twice seen the rare, sweet smile break like a sun-burst over his gloomy countenance, had thought him grand as a god.

He was much older than Bessie, nearly twice as old, and yet he loved her so! With all the warmth of a heart matured in its principles as well as impulses, with the strength of a character formed and decided on the right side of honor, integrity and goodness.

This was John Fairfax, who was jealous of the mention of a headless youth coming with his sister to pay a visit to Bessie Montcalm.

No wonder he felt vexed and ashamed of himself that he did not answer her for the minute; then, with his gallant chivalry, endeavored to make amends.

"He must be splendid, Bessie, if he is worthy your admiration. I know I shall like him very much."

"But not as well as Julie, I hope. Oh, Mr. Fairfax, if you only could fall in love with Julie Lampport!"

He could not avoid a smile at her artlessness, the while a fierce pain shot through his heart at the evidence she gave of her utter indifference to him.

"And leave you to the tender mercies of Mr. Lampport? I am afraid I should be terribly jealous of him!"

He had not intended it, nor did I think he was conscious of the depth of ardor in his tones; but Bessie glanced up, a flush springing to her fair face, a startled light in her eyes. Then, meeting for a brief instant all the passion in his dark eyes, an involuntary cry burst from her lips.

John Fairfax's dark face flushed a moment, then, getting up from the sofa where he had been lazily reclining, he walked over to Bessie's desk.

"I had not meant to divulge my secret yet, Bessie, but now you know it. I love you more than I can attempt to express; I know my whole being cries out for you, my darling. It is not a new thing, Bessie; this love was born years ago, when you were a girl of fifteen, and I've been waiting ever since, these three long years. Bessie, does my strange love-making frighten you? I only know I love you so, and want you for my own—all my own!"

He reached forth his arms, as if he would take her to him, his dark, bright eyes full of expectation, love, hope.

She sat there, her hands idly lying like snow-flakes on the walnut desk; her eyes fixed on his expressive countenance, her lips trembling, her cheeks blooming like a carnation pink.

Gradually she seemed to comprehend it all; then a new luster shone in her eyes, and she cast them down, in sweet, shy confession.

"Don't torture me, Bessie, answer me, if it be no. I pray I may hear it. If you are mine—"

He held out his hand, and then, rising from her chair, Bessie laid both hers in it.

"I am blessed above all men, my own, own darling."

"It is I, Mr. Fairfax, who am blessed; and now," she added, after a sweet silence, "may I send for Julie and Ernest?"

She laughed, and Mr. Fairfax smiled. "I trust you perfectly, my little betrothed. Send for him."

They were a merry party at the Montcalm mansion, and the sea house rung and echoed from morn till night with laughter, songs, and merry chat.

Julie Lampport, Bessie's chosen friend, was a pretty, engaging girl; her brother, handsome Ernest, her idol; her one dear wish to have Bessie for her sister.

There could scarcely be two persons more different than John Fairfax and Ernest Lampport; both in physical, personal, and intellectual attainments.

Mr. Lampport was handsome, like a picture; Mr. Fairfax reminded one of some grand statue cut in bronze. Ernest was very stylish, very devoted, and fully accomplished in all those delicious little flattering attentions that go so far with a woman.

Day after day he and Bessie were thrown constantly together, and, despite the ring on Bessie's finger, I regret to say, Ernest Lampport was trying to win her love. Little by little, she hardly knew how herself, she drifted out of the strong contentment, the sweet, quiet peace she had enjoyed since that hour she realized John Fairfax's strong arm was to stand between her and the wind of the world.

Step by step she grew unrestful, until, one bright, starry night, when the air was heavy with honeysuckle perfume, she awoke to the consciousness that all this unrest, all this turmoil in her soul arose from the fact that she did not love John Fairfax; that she thought she had cared for him while there were no other men with whom to compare him, but that now, when Ernest Lampport had come, with his perfect blonde beauty, his tender, reverential ways, his elegant accomplishments, she said she loved him.

So, when the stars were twinkling, and the summer air caressing her hair, and the night sounds coming softly, weirdly to her ear, as she walked in the semi-darkness with Ernest Lampport bending his head so close to her face that his mustache mingled its gold with the scarlet bloom on her cheeks, she told him she loved him. Then, with all a lover's eloquence, he pleaded that he might remove John Fairfax's ring from her finger, and leave in place thereof a blazing diamond.

Was it wrong? but she allowed him to take off the heavy golden circlet that had been slipped on the little finger while a swift

silent prayer had been waited up from the blissful fullness of John Fairfax's heart that Heaven would bless his darling, his one, only darling.

Then, despite the joy of being Ernest Lampport's betrothed bride, there burned two fever spots on her cheeks when she laid her head on her pillow that night.

Days went on and on, and then John Fairfax wondered and grieved at her altered ways, her shy, nervous avoidance of him; and, in his straightforward way, he asked her the cause.

And she told him, in a quick, disjointed, half-terrified sort of way, while he stood before her, his face pale as death, his whole strength expended in the effort to conceal the horrid agony in his heart. Then, when she had finished, he remained silent; his eyes searching her guilty face, his lips quivering beneath the heavy mustache.

"Bessie, I have not dreamed of this—this disappointment. It hurts me sorely, but if you will be happier as Mr. Lampport's bride, I ought to be content."

Then, as if he could contain the mighty pent-up stream no longer, he laid his hands on her shoulders, and gazed passionately down into her face.

"I love you so—oh, Bessie, why couldn't my love satisfy you? Will you let me kiss you once more, forever?"

Then he lifted her face to his and kissed her; and she hurried from the room, as he was accustomed to do, to the "Montcalm home-stand."

He saw Bessie whenever he came, and congratulated Ernest Lampport in his cool, quiet way.

To Bessie, there never escaped a sign of their short, happy past; never a word, a gesture, a look to reveal it.

The days glided greenly on, and when the first autumn tints came, the Lampports went away, after arranging for the wedding at the holidays.

It was very quiet, and not a little lonely at the country side in those days; true, there came letters weekly, and there went letters weekly; true, Mr. Fairfax came over every day; drove Bessie and her sisters, or walked wherever they wished to go; there were dinners at Fair Mount, but yet, for all, in Bessie Montcalm's heart was a deep, deep aching.

What was it? why was it? only to her own fickle heart dared she whisper the secret that was gradually sapping the lights from her cheeks, the erst-time joyous lints from her eyes.

Every one about the house observed her

quiet, almost mournful demeanor; and John Fairfax, with keen pain, saw that all was not right.

So, in the fullness of his love, he made up his mind to learn if there was a quarrel between Bessie and Ernest Lampport; and in his noble soul he resolved to right it between them.

It was a chill November day that he found Bessie alone in the dining-parlor; he threw his hat on the table, and drew chairs for himself and her by the grate.

"Bessie, for the first time since then, I have sought you alone to talk with you. And, to-day, I have come to clear away whatever cloud hangs over you. You will make me your confidant, Bessie?"

How surprisingly sweet were his tones, his low, gentle words; and Bessie felt her wicked heart throb at the sound.

Years ago, little one, when you were in trouble, you always came to 'Mr. John'; and I think he always succeeded in untangling the threads. Come, sit on my knee, Bessie, and tell me this sorrow that is grieving you."

Slowly, abstractedly, she obliged him; calmly and kindly as an elder brother, he laid his arm lightly around her waist, as with flushing cheeks and downcast eyes, she sat, silent before him.

"You can not trust me, then, Bessie? I thought you loved—I thought you could trust me—"

"That is it—oh! Mr. Fairfax, I know you will despise me beyond expression, but I'd rather be hated by you than loved by anybody else! Oh, Mr. Fairfax, I have been so wicked, so cruel, so unwomanly! I never, never loved anybody but—oh! I never loved Mr. Lampport!"

His face was suddenly illumined by a new joy.

"Oh, Bessie! for God's sake be careful what you tell me! Bessie, can it be true that you love me yet?"

"Yes! yes! and I never ceased loving you! I am so miserable, you never can know how much! Let me go, please, Mr. Fairfax."

But he had taken both her hands, and was holding them tightly.

"Tell me again you will be mine—Bessie!"

"No! no! not after my unworthy, cruel usage! I should not dare."

"But I should dare; and I will dare to claim you, my darling! Mr. Lampport will be enough of a gentleman to return you

organ, and the murmur of thousands of voices.

Annie Evelyn; and I knew she was a poor girl; for two reasons. One was, she dressed very plainly, and had worn the same dress—shall I ever forget it?—every evening; thereby displaying an amount of moral heroism few pretty girls are capable of.

It was a black dress, with no overskirt, and very little trimming on the dress. I remember the linen collar, that turned over a necktie of bright green ribbon; the immaculate white apron, ruffled and starched; she evidently had more than one of them, for she wore a fresh one every evening. Sometimes the green ribbon was exchanged for rose-pink, and a light, bright blue; and once she wore a brooch, old fashioned and elegant.

You see I must have watched her very closely; so I did; until I had grown desperately in love with the young girl who earned her dollar an evening by demonstrating the magic powers of a certain newly-manufactured yeast-powder.

I remember just how she used to stand there, in the little square niche just big enough to hold her and the barrel of flour she kneaded.

A small gas stove stood before her; her yeast-powders lay near, arranged in tempting array—blue, red, yellow and white papers; her sleeves were rolled a little way up, displaying the plump, white arms.

And there she stood, night after night, making wondrously light biscuits, and tiny loaves of bread, that were free to whoever chose to taste.

I had taken one home, one evening; not daring to desecrate it by eating it, had laid it away, wrapped in silver tissue-paper, and locked in my bureau-drawer.

I think she began to notice my hovering uneasiness; at any rate I detected a merry gleam in those dark-gray eyes more than once; and, to my infinite satisfaction, I saw a sweet, faint blush on her cheeks whenever I walked slowly by, to spend another dollar at the candy-stand, where I usually had to wait several minutes, and from which position I could see her.

I said, that on this particular occasion, I saw her laughing and talking to a good-looking young man, who leaned over the counter in a confidential, assured sort of way, with his hands very near hers as she mixed the snowy flakes of rolls. What could I do? I had no earthly claim on the girl; she didn't even know my name; and yet I was vexed enough at the handsome,

graceful acquaintance of hers to have throttled him; and all because he knew her, and I didn't! Of course it was jealousy; of course it was the most supreme ridiculousness; but who, in love, ever acknowledged that? I didn't; and when the inevitable summons came at ten o'clock, I saw the two take the horse-cars, that whisked off with them, just a minute too soon for me to catch it.

"If you've no particular business for this afternoon after the office closes, I'd like you to come home and take your sister and her guest to the Fair."

Just as I was going out from breakfast, my mother spoke to me.

"Has Mame's company arrived at last? Yes, with pleasure. Tell her to be in readiness about half-past three."

I drew on my gloves, and wondered if mother knew how my heart beat at the mention of the Fair.

"And, Charlie, you know how I want you to interest yourself in Miss Lawton; she is a most charming girl."

A feeling of disgust, that I could not help, must have expressed itself on my face, for my mother spoke again, quickly, and as if a little hurt.

"Why, Charlie, what is there you don't like about it?"

"Nothing particularly. Only I never shall fall in love with this Miss Lawton, if I can succeed in winning the woman I already love."

She looked long and earnestly in my face.

"Well," she said, "it is not for me to decide. But we all know her, and it would have been such a comfort."

"When 'we all know' the girl I have chosen, I think you will like her."

She didn't understand the covert meaning of my words, a repetition of her own.

"But, you'll escort her and Mame a few times?"

"Oh, certainly, mother. I hope I shall not be wanting in politeness to her, if I am not in a disposition to love her."

And so I went down town, thinking, as usual, about my pretty little baker at the Fair, and hoping Miss Lawton would not manage to monopolize too much of my attention—especially at evening, while the Rink was open.

That very day, as I sat alone in the law office of my uncle, with whom I was reading, who should open the door, and come in, but—Annie Evelyn!

I think she was a little surprised, a little embarrassed; but I sprang from my chair, and bowed, as friendly as I could, while my heart was thumping away most fearfully.

"I wanted to see my—Mr. Eggleston. Is he in?"

"I am sorry to say, he is not. He has gone to Philadelphia to search some records. Can I be of any service to you, Miss Evelyn?"

Her cheeks bloomed redly, and a gay little laugh just floated from her lips.

"You know me, I perceive—Mr.—"

She paused, inquiringly, as if to taunt me with the knowledge that if I had ascertained her name, she, at least, had not taken so much trouble to learn mine.

"My name is Charles Etherton; I shall be pleased to render you any services that lay in my power."

She knitted her brows in meditation, for a moment, while I stood wondering if she would think me a fool were I to tell her my precious secret? Suddenly a light glowed in her eyes, as if she had solved a knotty question.

"I think you can help me. As you are aware, I have the charge of the yeast-powders during the evenings, at the Rink; someone has been infringing on my rights by starting an opposition article, directly beside me, without, I understand, proper permission. What shall I do? Harry—I mean, Mr.—I mean a gentleman told me I had best consult a lawyer."

A mischievous light was dancing in her eyes, while her lips were grave and closed.

I had not failed to note the sarcastic emphasis on the words "you are aware," and now, bearded in my den, I resolved to make the best of it, even if she did mention "Harry" with such charming hesitation.

"Yes," I returned, gravely, with the air of one who is about to impart learned advice; "I understand, Miss Evelyn, all you wish to say; my advice is, just give up your stand to the new opponent."

Her wide-open eyes were steadily reading my grave face.

"Give it up?"

"A moment, Miss Evelyn," I interrupted her with. "I know of a better position you could fill; one that offers every inducement; that can produce the best references. In a word, Annie Evelyn, I want you to know that I am in love with you! You must have known it all this while. Don't be angry because the first time I ever spoke to you, I tell you this."

I was standing before her, my hands lying on the back of my chair; and she stood there, flushing and paling, her eyes bent to the carpet.

"Annie—you are not unwilling to listen? Oh, don't you see it in my face, in my eyes, how I love you? Let me call you 'my darling,' mayn't I?"

I touched her hand, plump and warm with the life bounding so gladly in her veins, while I stood, shocked at my own temerity, hoping and fearing. But it wasn't for long; those glorious eyes looked up, after a second.

"It does seem strange; but, strange things are true sometimes. It is true this time, Mr. Etherton."

"Then let me hear your sweet lips call me by my name, and tell me this strange truth, Annie, darling."

Like a low murmur it came, yet I distinctly heard it.

"I am half-mortified to tell it, Charlie, but I do love you."

How glorified that dull office seemed, even after she left it, and as I started for home in time to meet sister Mame and her friend at half-past three, I was thinking how entirely fruitless would be my dear, designing mother's attempts on me.

I met her at the front door, her face half-smiles, half-sorry frowns.

"She has come, Charlie, and as pretty and graceful as a fairy. But, Charlie, there's no use, she's engaged!"

I half-laughed at mother's dolorous expression.

"Well, for that matter, so am I, and I'll guarantee my Annie's as pretty as she. Just wait, mother; I'll bring her up."

An anxious look came to her face, as she looked in mine, but she said but little.

"I hope blessings will follow my only boy, whoever is his bride. But, come to the parlor, the girls are waiting."

She opened the door, preparatory to a grandly polite introduction, and the graceful guest turned toward me, as Mame arose.

"Why—why—this is—"

"Miss Lawton; my son, Mr. Etherton."

I saw her smile roguishly.

"Yes, Annie Evelyn Lawton, Mrs. Etherton. This gentleman is my betrothed husband."

How can I explain the surprise, the delight? The gratulations, the explanations that followed, when Annie, in her sweet way, told how she had taken charge of a certain department at the Fair, to accommodate a sick friend, who could ill-afford to lose the remuneration. At first, the task was mere duty; after she learned to enjoy it, particularly after I had grown to watching her; and many was the pleasant joke she and that brother Harry I hated so had enjoyed at my expense.

Then, when the time drew near for her visit to Mame, she had gone to my uncle's office to see if he knew of a substitute; as I was there, she was obliged to invent an errand, which we both think she has succeeded in, most admirably.

And, when we are married and house-keeping, which will be before the American Institute holds its next annual exhibition, you may depend upon it, I shall patronize largely those blessed yeast-powders, by which I so successfully rose to the position of Annie Evelyn Lawton's husband.

ORDER IN SEASON!

To the thousands who propose to become subscribers or regular readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, commencing with the GREAT STORY of "The Phantom Princess," we say: at once advise your newsdealer of your intention, in order that he may not fail to supply you promptly and regularly. The sales of the JOURNAL will receive a powerful impetus with that issue. To be sure of a copy, order it to be laid aside for you. If the newsdealer is not convenient, order direct from the office of publication by sending in your subscription for four months, \$1.00, or one year, \$3.00; two copies one year, \$5.00.



THE FICKLE HEART.

your liberty. Bessie, are you mine once again and forever?"

"If Ernest will consent I shall be only too glad! Oh, Mr. Fairfax, what do I not owe to your generous kindness?"

She never knew all that she owed; never knew that the day John Fairfax had come to her home to arrange matters between her and her lover, there lay on his desk at home a letter from Julie Lampport, telling him to break the news gently to Bessie, that her handsome, fickle brother had been attracted by a newer, prettier face, and that she feared the most for dear Bessie.

Bessie never to this day knew how her noble lover had determined to seek Lampport and win him back to his allegiance for Bessie's sake; or how he did see the recreant lover, and, for Bessie's sake, brought back a note in which Mr. Lampport gave her up to Mr. Fairfax.

To-day, Bessie is very happy as John Fairfax's wife; and never can she love him enough, she thinks, to repay him for his nobleness.

But he is satisfied, and now, when Bessie is indisputably his own, often smiles over the one solitary romance of his life.

Cupid at the Rink.

BY PAUL DUROC.

A SWEET-FACED girl, with merry gray eyes, that seemed dancing to the joyous music of her red, full lips, as she stood there, talking and laughing to the gentleman who was watching her.

It was amusing, and very unromantic, that occupation of hers; and yet many were the eyes I saw gaze admiringly at her, as she stood there, explaining her specimens and showing how to perform the same marvellous results; at least they seemed marvellous to me; but that may have been because I was in love with her.

Yes, positively in love with a stranger girl—no, was she a stranger to me, who had been to the American Institute Fair every night since its opening, only to gaze on that interesting face and listen to her sweet melodious voice, that never had repeated any stereotyped phrases regarding her work?

I had asked some one her name; it was Annie Evelyn—wasn't it musical? and how it had rung in my ears above the whirling of the machinery, the deep base of the great

graceful acquaintance of hers to have throttled him; and all because he knew her, and I didn't! Of course it was jealousy; of course it was the most supreme ridiculousness; but who, in love, ever acknowledged that? I didn't; and when the inevitable summons came at ten o'clock, I saw the two take the horse-cars, that whisked off with them, just a minute too soon for me to catch it.

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THE BETTER FUTURE

BY L. B.

Oh, do not be discouraged,
Nor pine away and fret;
The clouds are passing over,
Hope's sun is shining yet.

Although the world seems dreary,
Our hearts are filled with care,
We ever should remember,
It's brighter over there.

Though God has taken from us
The friends we dearly loved;
We hope again to meet them
In glory bright above.

Our path is hard and thorny,
And wearied on the way,
Yet God is ever o'er us,
To guide us night and day.

As we are moving onward
Through life, with toil and care,
So let us all remember,
'Tis better over there.

And when grim death may call us
To bid our spirits come,
Oh, let us be contented
To enter in our home.

RED ARROW.

The Wolf Demon:
OR,
THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "SON OF SNADES," "SHARLEY HAND,"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE RENEGADE.

ALL was bustle in the Indian village, for word had gone forth to make ready for the war path! Gayly the braves donned the war paint, and sharpened the scalping-knives and the glistening tomahawks. Girty had been summoned to the lodge of Ke-ne-ha-ha.

The great chief of the Shawnee nation, smarting over his failure to destroy the dreaded Wolf Demon, panted eagerly for the opportunity to lead his warriors against the pale-faces.

Girty recounted to the chief all that he had learned regarding the strength of the settlers—knowledge that he had gained in his recent scout to the other side of the Ohio.

The chief listened with a gloomy brow. His plan to surprise the whites had failed. "Since we can not creep upon them like the fox, our attack shall be like the swoop of the eagle," Ke-ne-ha-ha said, at length.

"The chief will attack Point Pleasant first?" Girty asked.

"Yes; we will cross the Ohio above the pale-face lodges; then my warriors shall form a circle around the long-knives, reaching from river to river. The circle shall be a line of fire, breathing death to the pale-face that dares to attempt to cross it."

"And the expedition will move to-night?"

"Yes; I have dispatched my fleetest runners to my brothers, the Wyandots and the Mingoes, telling them that the war-hatchet is dug up, and that, like the storm-cloud, the red-men are about to burst in arrows of fire upon the pale-faces, and drive them from the land that the Great Spirit gave to the Indian."

"I will prepare at once for the expedition," Girty said, in savage glee, his soul glowing over the prospect of slaughter. Then he withdrew from the wigwam.

As Girty proceeded in the direction of his own lodge he met Kendrick.

"Blood ahead, hey?" Kendrick said, as they met.

"Yes; to-night we take up the line of march."

"And where are you going now?"

"To see my captive."

"What are you going to do with the gal?"

"Make her my prey," Girty said, and a look of savage triumph came over his dark face as he spoke.

"That's your vengeance, hey?"

"Yes. What wrong can rankle more keenly in the breast of General Treveling than the knowledge that his cherished daughter is my slave, the creature of my will?" said Girty, fiercely.

"You're a good hater," Kendrick said, with a grin.

"Yes, or my hate would not have lasted all these years. Why, man, I hate this Treveling as bitterly now as I did years ago when the lashes cut into my back. I swore once that I would have his life, but that is poor and paltry vengeance compared to that I have heaped upon his head. First I stole his eldest daughter—then a child—and left her to perish in the forest, and now I have taken his other daughter from him. The second blow is worse than the first, for death is far better than the fate that is in store for Virginia."

"I s'pose you'll let him know in some way of what you've done?" Kendrick said.

"He already knows that the death of his eldest daughter lies at my door; knows, too, that I have carried off this one, but he does not yet know the fate that I have marked out for her," Girty replied.

For a moment Kendrick was silent; then he suddenly broke into a loud laugh.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Girty, in astonishment.

"You've fixed this matter out all straight, hain't you?"

"Yes, I think so."

"S'pose a bullet from one of the settlers' long rifles should interfere with this hyer cousin plan, hey?"

"The bullet is not yet run that is to kill me," rejoined Girty, sternly.

"Not afraid, hey?"

"Not a whit."

"Got a 'big medicine,' as the Injuns say."

"I do not fear death; that is my 'medicine,'" Girty replied, carelessly.

"Well, I wish I was as sure of not going under as you are," Kendrick observed, with a grin.

"By the way, where is your daughter?" Girty asked.

"Inside the wigwam with the little gal," Kendrick answered.

"I think I'll visit the girl and let her know the fate that is in store for her."

"You'll find my gal inside," Kendrick said.

"I'll be out in a few minutes; wait for me."

Then Girty entered the wigwam that held Virginia a prisoner.

As Kendrick had said, Kate was there in attendance on the captive.

"Leave us for a little while, girl; I want to speak to the lady alone," Girty said.

Without a word, Kate left the wigwam. Captor and captive were face to face.

The loathing that swelled in the heart of the girl was plainly visible in her face as she looked upon the man who had betrayed her into the hands of the savages.

"Do you know who I am, girl?" Girty asked.

"You are Girty, the renegade," Virginia answered, calmly, though every vein was throbbing with indignation.

"You are right; I am Girty, and the settlers call me the renegade."

"Yet I can hardly believe that you are that dreadful man."

"Why not?"

"Because you have the face of a human, and his should be the face of a wolf," Girty scowled, ominously, at the words.

"Keep your tongue within bounds, or it may be the worse for you. Do you know where you are?"

"Yes, a prisoner in your hands," Virginia answered, with a look of settled despair.

"Do you know what your fate is going to be?"

"Death by some dreadful torture, I suppose."

"No, your guess is wrong; you are not fated to die yet. Were you the captive of the Shawnees it is probable that you would die at the torture-stake; but you are my prisoner; no red brave holds your fate in his hands."

"If report speaks true, I am the prisoner, then, of a man whose nature is more cruel than that of the Indian," said Virginia, with spirit.

"I am merciless to those who brave my anger," retorted Girty, with a lowering frown.

"And how have I ever wronged you?" asked Virginia, in wonder.

"You have never wronged me."

"Why then have you torn me from home and friends?"

"You are the daughter of General Treveling?"

"Yes."

"I hate your father. Through you I strike at him. You are dearer to him than even life itself. A blow dealt at you also wounds him. That is the reason why I have lured you from the settlement."

Pierce was the tone in which Girty uttered the words, and a demon look of triumph gleamed in his dark eyes.

Virginia listened in wonder. She had often heard her father speak of the renegade, but always as a stranger.

"How has my father ever injured you?" she asked.

"How?" demanded Girty, in rising wrath. "The cut of his lash has scarred my back. It happened long years ago, but the memory is as fresh in my brain as though it were but yesterday. I swore a bitter oath of vengeance. Years have come and gone, but at last I strike, and the blow must reach him through you."

"This is a manly vengeance!" exclaimed Virginia, while her lip curled in scorn.

"If my father has wronged you why not seek him? why select a helpless woman as your victim? Is it because you are too cowardly to face my father?"

"Taunt on; you will repent these words in scalding tears ere long," said Girty, calmly.

"They speak truth in the settlement when they say that you are like the wolf, both cruel and cowardly."

"And before another week is gone, they will say, too, that, like the wolf, I love blood, for I will have rivers of it!" cried Girty, savagely.

Virginia's heart sunk within her as she looked upon the angry face of the renegade.

"And now your fate; can you guess what it is to be?" he asked.

"No," Virginia answered.

"You're to be mine—my slave. This is the vengeance that will scar your father's heart and make him curse the hour when he dared to wrong me!" Triumph swelled in the voice of the renegade as he spoke.

Virginia—helpless maid—felt that she was lost indeed.

"Oh! why can I not die at once!" she murmured, in despair.

"Then the miscreant left the lodge."

The renegade gazed upon his victim with a smile of triumph.

"First my vengeance, and then death can come to your aid as soon as fate pleases. It will be rare joy for me to tell your father of the shame that has come upon you. It is almost worth waiting for all these years."

"You are a wolf, indeed," Virginia murmured, slowly.

"And who has made me so?" demanded the renegade, fiercely. "Your father! His act drove me from the white cabins to the wigwam of the savage; made me an out-cast from my race; a white Indian. May the lightning of the Eternal strike me dead if I ever forget or forgive the injury that he has done me. Even now—after all these years—the memory of my wrong is as fresh in my brain as though it happened but yesterday."

In a torrent of passion came the words from the lips of the angry man.

Virginia shuddered at his manner.

"You have no pity!" she cried.

"Pity? No!" he said, with fierce accent. "Can pity dwell in the heart of the wolf? Your father has made me what I now am. Let him blame himself if the wolf he has created rends his child."

"I am utterly lost," Virginia murmured, faintly.

"And now I go to take the war-path against the settlement—to crimson with blood the waters of the Ohio. I will give to the flames the cabins of the whites; the smoke of the burning dwellings shall mark my course and attest my vengeance. When I return, then—Well, my revenge will be made complete. Let no vain thought of escape cross your mind, for I shall leave you doubly guarded. There is no power on this earth that can save you from me. Prepare, then, to meet your fate with resignation. For the present, farewell."

Then the miscreant left the lodge.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STRANGE STORY.

In a tangled mass of bushes, near to the hollow oak that the three scouts had selected as a meeting-place, Boone and Kenton lay concealed.

They were waiting for the return of Lark.

"Strange, what can keep him?" muttered Boone, impatiently.

"Hain't you seen him at all?" Kenton asked.

"No, not since we parted."

"It must be past twelve."

"Perhaps he's been captivated by the red heathens," Boone suggested.

"That is possible," Kenton replied.

"Shall we wait any longer?"

"Just as you say."

"Hello! what's that?" cried Boone, suddenly.

The scout's attention had been attracted by a slight noise in the wood beyond the little glade.

Eagerly the two listened.

Then, through the wood, with stealthy steps, came a dark form.

It passed close to where the two whites lay in ambush.

Cold drops of sweat stood, bead-like, upon the foreheads of the two scouts as they looked upon the dark form.

It was the Wolf Demon that was stealing so stealthily through the wood.

"Jerusalem! did you see it?" muttered Boone, with a shiver, after the terrible form had disappeared in the shadows of the wood.

"Yes," replied Kenton, in a solemn tone.

"What do you think it is?"

"It's a spook, and no mistake," Kenton said, with a shake of the head.

"Well, it does look like it, don't it?" Boone rejoined, sagely.

"Yes. Why, they wouldn't believe this if we were to tell it in the station."

"That's true; but seein' it belevin', you know."

"I think we may as well be going," said Kenton, with a nervous shiver, and a stealthy look around, as though he expected to see a demon form in every bush.

"And not wait for Lark?"

"What's the use? It will be morning soon. Ten to one he has missed us and taken the back-track to the station."

"Yes, that is likely. Let's be going then," Boone added.

The two, carefully emerging from their covert in the bushes, crossed the little glade and passed in front of the hollow oak.

As they passed the tree, Kenton, who was a little in the advance, halted suddenly and placed his hand in alarm upon the arm of Boone.

"What's the matter?" asked Boone, quickly, in a cautious whisper.

"Look there," Kenton said, in the same low, guarded tone, and, as he spoke, he pointed to the ground before him.

Boone, with straining eyes, looked in the direction indicated by the outstretched hand of his companion.

On the earth before them was stretched a dark form.

Carefully, rigid as two statues, the two scouts examined it.

"What do you think?" said Kenton, in a whisper.

"It's a man, I think."

"Can it be another victim of the Wolf Demon?"

"P'haps so; let's examine it," said Boone.

Then the two, stealing forward with stealthy steps, knelt by the side of the

senseless form. It was a man attired in the forest garb of deer-skin. He was lying with his face downward.

The scouts turned him over, and then a cry of surprise broke from their lips.

The man was Abe Lark.

"Lark, by hooky!" exclaimed Boone, in wonder.

"And hurt, too!" cried Kenton.

"It pears so."

Then carefully they searched for the wound.

The search was fruitless. Lark was unhurt.

The two scouts looked at each other in wonder.

"Nary wound," said Boone, tersely.

"What on yearth is the meaning of it?" questioned Kenton.

Boone shook his head in doubt.

Lark's face was as white as the face of the dead, excepting that part where the crimson scar traversed it.

Large drops of sweat stood upon the forehead of the senseless man, and he breathed heavily, as if in pain. The veins, too, of the forehead were swollen out like whip-cords. All gave evidence of great agony.

"What shall we do?" asked Kenton, puzzled.

"First, get him out of this faint," replied Boone.

"What do you suppose is the matter with him?"

"It looks like a fit," Boone said, thoughtfully. "P'haps he's seen that awful figure, and the spook cast a spell upon him."

To the superstitious minds of the borderers this seemed a reasonable explanation.

"If I only had a little water now," said Boone, looking around him as if in search of some friendly spring.

"I've got a little flask of whisky," and Kenton produced it from an inside pocket of his hunting-shirt as he spoke.

"That will do fast-rute, but it's kinder of a shame to waste good liquor," said Boone, with a comical grin, as he proceeded to bathe the forehead of the senseless man with the whisky.

In a few moments a low groan came from the lips of Lark. Then a convulsive shudder shook his massive frame.

"He's coming to," said Kenton, who was anxiously watching the face of Lark.

"I knew the whisky would fetch him," Boone remarked.

Lark's eyes opened slowly, and with a bewildered expression, like one in a maze, he gazed into the faces of the men who knelt by his side.

"What the deuce is the matter with my head?" he muttered.

It was evident that his senses were still in a maze.

"He don't know you," said Kenton, in a whisper, to Boone.

"No," replied the other, in the same guarded tone; "he hain't fully recovered yet; hain't got his mind right."

Then again Lark, whose eyes had wandered off listlessly to the forest, looked into the face of the man who bent so earnestly over him.

A gleam of recognition came over Lark's features. Eeibly he raised his hand to his head and passed it across his forehead, as if by the act to call back his scattered senses.

"Kurnel Boone," he murmured.

"Yours to command," replied Boone, with a hearty press of Lark's hand that lay by his side.

"And Kenton, too," Lark continued.

"Right to an iota," returned the borderer.

"What on yearth has been the matter with me?" and Lark, with the assistance of Boone, rose to a sitting posture as he spoke.

"That is what bothers us," Boone said. "We have been waiting for you to come for some time, as agreed upon; and at last, growing tired of waiting, we concluded either that you had been taken prisoner by the Shawnees, or else that you had returned to the station, having missed us in the forest in some way."

A puzzled look appeared upon Lark's face.

"I can't understand it," he muttered, in doubt.

"Understand what?" Boone asked.

"Why, how I came to be here."

Both Boone and Kenton looked at Lark in amazement.

"Don't you know?" Boone asked.

"No," Lark replied.

"Ain't you hurt in some way?"

"Not as I know on."

"Have you seen any thing terrible for to skeer you?" and the old hunter glanced nervously around as he spoke, as though he expected to see the dreaded wood demon standing by his side.

"No," again replied Lark.

"Well, where have you been?"

"I don't know."

Again the two scouts stared at their companion in amazement.

"You don't know?" Boone questioned, in wonder.

"No; I can't remember any thing about it."

"What have you been doing since we parted?"

"I can't tell you that, either," replied Lark, evidently as greatly puzzled as the other two.

"Can't tell?"

"No, I can remember parting with you here, some hours ago, and making the

agreement to meet you here again. Then I struck off into the forest, intending to scout into the Indian village."

"Yes."

"And that is all I can remember."

"You don't remember what you did after that?"

"Not a thing about it," Lark replied, decidedly.

"Why, that was hours ago. I've been a prisoner in the hands of the Shawnees, and escaped from them, too, in that time," Boone said.

"I can not explain; it is all a blank to me," Lark replied.

"Perhaps you were taken with a fit?" suggested Kenton.

"Perhaps so."

"But where have you kept yourself?—for I'll swear that you wasn't hyer thirty minutes ago," Boone said, decidedly.

"I can't understand it in the least," Lark replied, rising to his feet as he spoke.

"Well, it's the most mysterious affair that I ever heard of," Boone added, with a doubtful shake of the head. "How do you feel—weak?"

"No, as strong and as well as I ever was."

"It sounds just like one of the old hobgoblin stories that my father used to tell by the fire on a winter's night," Boone said, thoughtfully. "I fellers thought that they were all lies, but this story of yours is as strange as any of them."

"It beats me," Kenton observed.

"Well, let's be going."

And following Boone's lead, they proceeded on their way.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

with great difficulty, and white froth began to gather at the corners of his mouth.

The two scouts looked upon the pained face of their companion in horror. "What on earth is the matter with you?" exclaimed Boone.

"Can't you guess? don't you see it in my face?" Lark gasped, in torture. "I am going mad."

"Mad?" cried both the scouts, and they recoiled a step or two in horror.

"Yes, mad," moaned Lark, in agony. "I can feel the madness creeping over me; to me to a tree, else I may injure you or myself."

"I'll do it!" cried Boone, impulsively. "Come, Kenton, give me a hand!"

Then the two carried the helpless man to the foot of a stout oak that grew by the side of the clearing.

With thongs cut from Lark's hunting-shirt they bound him securely to the tree. They placed him in an upright position against the trunk of the oak.

"There, can we do any thing else for you?" asked Boone, after the tying had been completed.

"No, except to remain near at hand and watch me. The attack will not last long," Lark replied. It was with great difficulty that he spoke at all.

The scouts withdrew a short distance, and sitting down in the bushes, watched their friend that they had bound so securely.

The moonbeams came down full on the head of the bound man—upon the massive head that drooped so listlessly upon the shoulder.

For full ten minutes Boone and Kenton watched and Lark gave no sign of life.

Face and figure seemed alike a part of the tree.

"I say, kurnel," said Kenton, in a cautious whisper, "what do you think of it?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Boone, slowly; "it's a most wonderful affair. That a critter should be able to tell beforehand that he was going to have a mad spell and want himself tied up. Why, I never heard of any thing like it."

"He ain't moved yet," said Kenton, still watching Lark, intently.

"Perhaps he ain't going mad after all?" suggested Boone.

"Or, it may be that he ain't quite right in his mind now, and the idea of his going mad is only one of the strange fancies that sick people have sometimes?" queried Kenton.

"That's sound sense," rejoined Boone, thoughtfully.

Then a slight movement of Lark's head put a stop to the conversation of the two scouts, and eagerly they watched the man bound so tightly to the tree-trunk.

Lark raised his head, slowly. By the light of the moonbeams, the two watchers could plainly see, that it was deathly pale. But they also noted a change in the face. The eyes, which before had been lustless and half-closed, were now opened wide, and, seemingly, strained to their fullest extent. They glared like eyes of fire—shone more like the eyes of a wild beast than the orbs of a human.

"Look at his eyes!" said Boone, in a cautious whisper.

"They look as if they would pierce through a fellow," observed Kenton, in a tone of awe.

Carefully and searchingly Lark glared around him as if to discover whether he was watched or not.

Then he essayed to move from the tree, but the bonds that bound his hands and feet to the tree-trunk restrained him.

In amazement, Lark looked down upon the fetters that impeded his action.

"His memory's clean gone," said Boone, in Kenton's ear.

"I do believe he's mad now," observed Kenton, in a tone of conviction.

"Yes, but look at him!"

Lark was carefully surveying the bonds that bound him to the tree.

A moment or two his eyes glared upon the leathern fetters, and then, with a desperate effort, he essayed to break them.

The veins on his forehead knotted and swelled as he tugged with almost superhuman strength, but the effort was useless. He could not free himself.

"Jerusalem! ain't that strength tho'!" muttered Boone, as he watched the tension of the thongs.

"They're going to hold him, though," replied Kenton, eagerly watching the strange scene.

Again Lark glared around him and again he tried to burst the bonds that bound him.

The thongs cut into the flesh of the wrists, but he seemed not to heed the pain. Every muscle in his huge frame was brought into play.

Another mighty effort and the leathern thong burst as if it had only been a band of straw!

"Talk about a giant—did you see that thong go?" exclaimed Boone, in a guarded tone, to Kenton.

"He snapped it like a pipe-stem."

No look of triumph appeared upon Lark's face as he felt that his hands were free—only the look of fierce, settled determination.

Again he glared around the little opening, as if in search of watchers; then, he proceeded to untie the lashings that bound his feet to the tree.

In a few minutes the thongs dropped to the ground, and Lark was at liberty.

He stepped from the side of the oak, and drew himself up proudly in the moon-

beams, as if rejoicing that he was free. All traces of his former feebleness had disappeared.

The two scouts watched his movements with anxiety.

Lark, pausing in the center of the little opening, fumbled for a moment at his girdle.

"He's looking for a weapon," said Boone, in a whisper.

"Yes, it looks like it," replied Kenton.

Then from his girdle Lark drew a keen-edged scalping-knife. He tried the edge of the blade and the point, carefully, upon his finger; then, with a grim smile of satisfaction, he replaced the knife in his girdle.

Slowly, with cautious steps, Lark stole across the glade, but on the borders of the wood he halted—paused for a moment, irresolute, and then his strength seemed to fail him. A deep groan of anguish came from his lips.

He tottered for a moment, as though striving by the mere force of his will to keep his feet; then, with another groan, deeper and more agonizing than the first, he fell heavily to the ground.

Quickly Boone and Kenton left their covert in the thicket, and hastened to his side.

Again he lay in a swoon, senseless, as before; the swollen veins marked the white forehead, and the waxy drops of perspiration formed a strange contrast.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 35.)

Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST

NUMBER FORTY-FIVE.

THE first important consideration, with a view to the transportation of many things needful to our new establishment, was the construction of some kind of vehicle that would take a good load, and which, drawn by our two steeds, aided by ourselves on perilous occasions, would assist so much in all that we wished to do.

For myself, I would gladly have crossed over to the mainland at once, and fetched my friends and relatives; but my father wished first to secure their comfort on their arrival. The season was passing, and it was desirable to have every thing ready before the wet set in and interrupted our labors.

My heart was very much against this resolution; but it having been resolved on by older and wiser heads than mine, it was useless to contend; so, instead, I determined so to advance our preparations as to hasten the time of meeting as soon as possible.

Our resolution was to have the cave set apart wholly as a retreat in case of accidents, as a last desperate resort when driven from our intrenchments by an overwhelming force of savages. The chief objections made to it as a residence, even in the winter or rainy season, were the confined space, the darkness, and other discomforts always attendant on a cavern dwelling.

For myself, it appeared like leaving home; but, as I knew the others to be right, I made no objection, especially as since the combat the place presented such a very different appearance as to have destroyed that early charm of association which hitherto I had felt to belong to it.

Besides, I knew that a small town, such as that we were about to erect, would be more healthy, pleasant, and cheerful than my old residence; while the cave could always remain as a shelter, and my habitation on the island of the lake be a pleasure-bower to be visited on festive occasions, many of which, as soon as the deserted locality was more fully inhabited, would doubtless occur.

The plan we adopted for a sledge was to cut down two trees with trunks of a sufficient size to make the sides, with a curve in front to facilitate getting over grass, shrubs, and other obstructions. Then we laid across several lateral pieces of wood, and fastened them securely by means of fiber-cord and nails.

The harness was of the simplest character, but, at the same time, strong and able to bear all the weight which we would require. In the first place, there were tools to be removed to the new station, then such things as could be spared from the cave without exactly stripping it altogether and making it uninhabitable.

As soon as some other little matters had been attended to, such as preparing and salting some provisions which, during our laborious undertaking, might serve us, with fish and turtle, for our food, the whole colony started on their journey, armed to the teeth and accompanied by the dogs.

First marched myself and Tiger, as guides—I knowing the country best, and being able to avoid a number of difficulties which otherwise might have impeded our advance. My father came behind me, ready at any moment to assist me did I stand in need of assistance—such as removing logs or stones from the path—and thus making the course of the sledge easy and smooth.

But though our vehicle was not excessively overloaded, and though we gave every needful assistance to the animals, yet did we not reach the bridge until night;

so that we were once more compelled to camp on that spot, which, being so well provided with provisions and live cattle, we did with some little apprehension. But by means of a large blazing fire and one or two guns fired off at intervals, we escaped being attacked, and even enjoyed a tolerable night's rest.

Our first duty after breakfast the next day was to make the bridge, which would, indeed, have been an arduous task had we not have fortunately had the fallen cedar tree to assist us. By means of this, the task became comparatively easy; for two of us were able to crawl over to the other side and guide the other trees, which had to be fitted in their fall.

About six trees, after a little chopping and cutting, made a firm and solid surface, over which we first placed a number of boughs, and then covered the whole with a coating of grass and earth, mixed together, which made an excellent roadway, over which we passed in great triumph, the sledge and horses doing admirably.

The terrestrial paradise which had so struck my father was now before us: and, as I have already remarked, the turf being smooth and without undergrowth, our journey became both easy and pleasant, until we reached a spot which struck my father at once as that which would serve our purpose.

Several of the gigantic trees already alluded to grew at a considerable distance apart, on the slope of a small plain, skirted by a deep but narrow stream that lazily meandered through this grove of trees, and which it was proposed should form one side of our stockade or wall. This once agreed to, a very peculiar house was, after some conversation, settled on.

The trees, I have said, were far apart, very lofty, and of considerable girth. My father smiled at my boyish desire to perch myself upon their lofty branches, but proposed a kind of tent-house, which was not exceedingly difficult of erection, and, at the same time, was commodious and elegant.

By means of a ladder, some notches were cut in a circle round the tree, over twelve feet from the ground. Then a whole circle of stakes were planted round the tree, at distances of about a foot apart—strong, powerful stakes, capable of supporting the weight of a man. Then some stout poles, eight in number, were nailed by sharp wooden pegs into the tree, and then carried to eight stakes. Between each, there being four-and-twenty stakes, were placed two bamboos, and then laterally on these other bamboos were fastened.

Over this, by means of a couple of rude ladders, we formed a very strong roof, able to carry off the rain; but more by means of the slanting nature of the roof than its own undivided strength. Some weights, such as stones and logs, were then added to keep the thatch down. For myself, I had misgivings, but my friends had not, as they proposed to improve, strengthen, and mend, even to giving a rude coat of Indian rubber, of which I had told them such wonders.

The outside of the hut being thus finished, the building was, divided into four distinct dwellings, with each a separate door, though with one inside, by which to communicate in bad weather. It is not to be supposed that the erection of such elaborate dwelling-places, well built, well fastened, and plastered on the inside with a kind of mud, should have been concluded in a very short time; but at the end of three weeks we had succeeded in erecting four of them, which it was calculated would suffice to lodge the whole party in comfort.

Then, a little way off, we built a log-hut for a common kitchen, as fire was a thing not often to be endured in these latitudes. Then there was a store-room, also built of logs, and very strongly and stoutly, so as to fly to it as a fort in case of an attack, and thus concentrate all our forces.

It was nearly six weeks ere we concluded these preparations; nor had we touched the stockade which was to surround the dwellings—that being a matter almost beyond our strength, and requiring the assistance of those dear ones for whom we were already laboring so hard. It was determined to adjourn that undertaking until we had fetched them to the island.

But rudely to furnish our huts and stock them with provisions which were not perishable, was a task which was necessary, and which we performed with that resoluteness which all appeared to have acquired from the habit of shifting for ourselves, which we had done since our shipwreck. Then another delay occurred. The season was unusually hot, and we had to take in all our corn and vegetables, and then turn up the ground for more. No sooner, however, had we sowed our seed, than we were surprised by a regular equinoctial gale, which threatened to shut us up in our huts at an early season.

This was very unpleasant, but there was no help for it; so we entered into possession of the largest and best of our huts, and there devoted our hours to the fabrication of tables, chairs, and such other articles of furniture as came within the reach of our mechanical genius. This kind of labor lightened our vexation and cheered our days; but in the evening, confined as we were, time would have been tedious indeed, if we had not found a delightful way of beguiling the hours.

My father, at my earnest request, began the story of his adventures, and those of my family, since I had been separated from

them, nearly six years before. My uncle and the skipper knew it all, of course; but my discovery of tobacco to them was delightful in the extreme, and enabled them not only to endure the narration, but to enjoy it.

For myself, these evenings were entrancing—more so than any of them could understand at the time.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

"Set-up" With by a Grizzly.

Down in a sheltered valley, amid the Black Hills, the camp-fire burned brightly, while far above our heads the cutting blast of a "return Norther" swept back to the chill regions from whence it had originally come.

Everybody was in high spirits and good humor, for that morning we had overhauled the thieving band of "Mountain Apaches" that had stampeded and stolen our horses a week previous, given them a sound thrashing, and had the animals safely picketed out amid the rich grass upon which we could hear them busily feeding.

The chase had been a hard one, but it was over, and we were on the return-path.

"Well, may I be eternally skulped of this hyar ain't a strange coincidence," said one of the oldest rangers in the group around the fire.

All eyes were instantly turned upon the speaker, who was observed to be intently scanning the faint outline of the hills on the other side of the valley.

No one spoke, for we all knew our man, and saw that if he were let alone the story would deliver itself in proper time.

"Nine year this very month sence I war in this wally," he continued, "an' the last time I war hyar I swore shed be the only one of I had enny thing to say 'bout it."

"Did any of you fellers ever go ter sleep, an' when you wur woked up find a big grizzly a-settin' on the blanket alongside, a-suckin' its paws, an' larfin' at ye because ye wur scart?"

"No, we didn't; did you?" exclaimed half-a-dozen eager voices.

"Well, I did that; an' what's more, it wur in this hyar very wally," replied the old ranger, who forthwith renewed his attack upon the buffalo-rib that he was polishing.

It was terribly tantalizing to be kept waiting thus, but we knew any undue eagerness upon our part would only make the old sinner slower than ever.

After a while he paused over his rib, and again spoke:

"Yes, it ar' the same place, an' yander's the cliff where I lay down to keetch a nap arter a hard day's tramp."

"You see, I had been a pris'ner 'mong the red-skins for nigh-onto two year, an' hed at last fooled enough to make 'em believe I war willin' ter stay, an' so they 'lowed me to hunt an' junket about on my own hook."

"Thet wur what I had worked fer all them two year, an' one mornin' I let out from ther village an' made a bee-line fur the settlements."

"One day, arter I had been out a week, I struck this wally, an' feelin' purty sartin thet I had broke my trail, I determined to take a good rest an' nap."

"Sarchin' aroun', I spied the place ed-zackly thet I war in want uv. 'Twur at the foot uv the cliff, whar the grass war soft an' the sun shone jess es ef he meant it."

I hed kin' off from the village well fixed, an' hed a good blanket 'sides my rifle an' fixin's, so I made a spread down to the foot uv the rock an' fell fast asleep."

"I did hey quar dreams, thet's a fact, but I didn't see how they had enny thing to do with the b'ar what I found a-sittin' on one corner uv my blanket, when I war woked up, suckin' his big paws, an' larfin' at me to see how scart I wur. Wish I may die like a Digger ef he war'n't."

"Yes, boys, that sat Ole Eph, an' that I lay on my back, wonderin' what the critter war rollin' over an' on in his ugly head."

"'Twurn't no use tryin' to riz up. Eph hedn't no notion of that. Ev'ry time I made a movement, the cussed thing 'd growl an' wave his big arms aroun' jess like them talkin' chaps in the States as gits up on stumps so ev'rybody kin hear 'em. That war Ole Eph."

"Well, I stood thet sort uv thing fur more'n half the day, an' then I begun to think, secin' I war gitten' dark, thet it war time to change things."

"Ef I could only get holt uv the rifle, thinks I, an' with that I riched out my hand, slow like, but Eph war too old a b'ar to be foolished thet way. He jess growled an' shook his big head, es much es ter say, 'Don't you do it, an' I didn't, you bet."

"Then I sot to work tryin' to foolish him another way."

"I made believe thet war somebody behind him jess going ter let him hev it over the nose. I made signs to 'em to hurry up, an' showed 'em how-ter strike, but 'twarn't no use 'tall. That 'er ole b'ar jess sot thar, es calm an' contented like es ever you see in all yer borned days."

"He'd wink his little eyes, an' flop his ears, an' make 'bleeve to be rollin' up his coat-sleeves, an' all thet, but look behind! Nary onc'd did thet b'ar look behind."

"Then, thinks I, Ole Eph ar' captivated by my good looks, an' can't take his eyes offen me; an' with thet I sot ter work makin'

faces at him, an' kin nigh to breakin' both jaws, gettin' my eyes ter lookin' across one 'nuther, an' settin' my nose so crooked thet I didn't smell straight fur a month."

"No go: Eph see through me like flash uv powder, an' onny looked at me harder. Couldn't disgust thet brute now, an' I giv it up."

"Boyees, you may 'bleeve me ar not, but thet b'ar an' me sot thar on thet blanket fur four long days, an' they war long 'uns, you may depend, an' made faces at one 'nuther. 'Leetle by leetle I hed managed, when Ole Eph 'd be nappin' on post, ter draw my rifle closer in."

"The b'ar would wake up an' ketch me workin', an' growl like mad, an' then I'd hev to quit."

"But at last I got her alongside o' me, an' determined the next time Eph dozed off ter give him the half-ounceer smack into his eye, an' then git while he war in his flurry."

"'Twur a long time afore the b'ar dozed ag'in, but by-em-by I see him shet fust one eye an' then 't'other, open 'em both ag'in all uv a sudden, an' then let 'em drap to ag'in."

"At last they both stayed shet."

"Thout a parloos uv noise I raised the old gun to my shoulder, took good rest onto my knee, drewed a fine bead on the critter's leff eye, an' then pulled—the hammer back."

"Oh, get out!" exclaimed one of the fellows. "Who ever heard of anybody getting a bead on the game before he had cocked his rifle?"

"Smart boy!" snapped the old ranger.

"Why, 'ee duried fool, s'posed I'd a' cocked the piece afore I war redly to shoot? I reckon the b'ar would 'a' kept all quiet enfil I got ther bullet into him. Next time he sarlin you ain't makin' yerself—well, well, never mind that now."

"At ther click uv ther lock Ole Eph throwed both eyes wide open, an' may I be chased ter death by skunks ef I didn't bust out larfin' at the way he looked jess es I teched the trigger."

"You see I war too quick fur him, secin' thet I got my bead all ready afore I cocked her," with a sly look at the fellow that had interrupted.

"The half-ounceer went kirsdash into Eph's leff eye, an' Eph went tumblin' back'ards into the leetle creek as run along behind whar he sot."

"Lordy, what a howl he fetched as he struck the water; but, afore he could think much about it, I war half-way up ther cliff, fodderin' my gun as I went."

"I got to the top in time to turn an' give the grizzly the other half-ounceer in 't'other eye, as he kin 'larin' up, an' then I hed the game my way fur a while."

"The b'ar war stone blind, fur you see he hedn't nary eye left, an' he went stumblin' an' scratchin' an' growlin' aroun', butin' his head ag'in the rocks, till he war fairly wore out, an' lay down on side uv the hill."

"It took nearly all the bullets I hed ter finish the cussed thing, but I'd 'a' stayed an' fired into him till yet, but what I'd 'a' had a chunk uv his meat off his rump."

"Yes, sirc, boyees, an' yander's the very rock as see'd the whole performance."

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted in this column at the rate of twenty-five cents per line, non-pareil measurement.

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Capt. "Bruin" Adams.

BY RALPH KINGWOOD.

The life history of truly representative American men reads like wild romance. The story, for instance, of Boone, Kenton, Crockett, the Wetzel Brothers, the Bradys, Sam Dale, etc., etc., never fails to arrest attention. So of Old Put, Mad Anthony Wayne, Wagoner Dan Morgan, Marion, etc., etc. And so, in more recent times, of Kit Carson, Fremont, Old Grizzly Adams, etc., etc.

In the case of "Old Grizzly" we have a striking illustration of the perpetuation of family traits of character, since, in his nephew, Capt. J. F. C. Adams, city born and bred, educated and qualified for a profession, we find the "ruling passion" of the family coming out strongly as to impel the young and splendidly promising young man to cast aside the civilization of the East for the companionship and wild life of his father's long absent brother in the vast wilderness of the West. Named, by his father, after their old family friend, the great author, Fenimore Cooper, the boy early was inspired with a love for the forest, and in his boyish dreams longed for companionship of the noble "Pathfinder" and "Deer Slayer." These dreams were more than castles in the air, for they became, at length, well formed purposes.

When young Adams heard of the fame of his uncle as a hunter and Indian-fighter, his "die was cast," and suddenly he disappeared, much to the amazement of his father and friends generally. A note addressed to his father simply said: "I have gone on a visit to uncle Grizzly," and for months thereafter, not a word came to indicate his whereabouts. But, at length, Old Grizzly's name was coupled with that of another—his inseparable companion, in whom it would have been difficult to recognize the New York city student, but whom the hunters, trappers, and Indian-fighters of the West knew to be a nephew of Old Grizzly, both by the love between the two men and by their inseparable association in all their wild, adventurous life.

In a year's time, after young Adams' disappearance from the East, his name was almost as well known in the West as that of "Old Grizzly," and numerous were the "yarns" I heard by the camp-fire of the deeds performed by these two extraordinary men, singly or together.

It became necessary, on one of their scouts, to learn the intentions of a large war-party of Sioux who were in their village preparing for a foray.

"Bruin" Adams undertook the difficult task. He invaded the village after night, gained a position beside the council-house, and was enabled to distinguish enough of their language to learn their destination. In his retreat he got among the horses, creating a stampede, was instantly surrounded by a dozen warriors, but succeeded in cutting his way through, leaving half their number upon the ground, dead or wounded.

Again, while scouting alone, he was set upon by two warriors, both noted braves of their tribe. The fight was long and bloody, but he succeeded, after being badly wounded, in disposing of both, killing one, and actually bringing in the other a prisoner.

During a heavy snow-storm on the Sierras, he became separated from Grizzly Adams, and wandered far out of the way. At nightfall he stumbled upon an Indian camp of four warriors, situated in a deep ravine. Waiting until it had grown fully dark, he—according to Old Grizzly's version of the affair—"jess went fur them er red-skins' ha'r vnss'n a hull nest o' bob-tail wildcats," or, in other words, he gained a position in short range, suddenly opened fire from his six-shooter, and, in less time than I have taken to tell it, he was in quiet possession of a comfortable camp, where he was found next morning by Old Grizzly.

In one of his scouts he struck a fresh trail, and, following it, he came up with the celebrated scout and guide, Kit Carson, who was himself trailing a party of Blackfeet who had stolen his favorite horse.

Together they pursued, came up with the Indians, seven in number, and completely routed the party and recovered the horse.

This was the beginning of a friendship between the two that lasted until the great scout's death. Carson always spoke of the young man's extraordinary courage and skill in the highest terms.

Did space permit, I could give numberless instances such as the above.

At length I had the great pleasure of meeting the young hunter, and had an opportunity of personally judging his prowess in battle. A detailed account of this conflict was given in a previous number of the *Journal*, and I need not repeat it here. Suffice it to say, that "Bruin" Adams, on that occasion, fully sustained his wide reputation as a skillful and fearless Indian-fighter.

Making the acquaintance of "Bruin" Adams, under such circumstances, before a week had passed a friendship was formed that has continued until the present day. During the remainder of that season, uncle and nephew remained with our party, but we finally separated, much to my regret. Old Grizzly and the young hunter striking out into the unexplored regions to the westward, while we returned to a frontier post to prepare for the next year's hunt.

But, I did not, by any means, lose track of my friend.

Now from the snowy regions of the Far West, then from the rich valleys of the Pacific slope, and again from some newly discovered gold field, I heard of him and his exploits. In the

THE HUNTER-AUTHOR!



CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

Nephew of the Celebrated Old Grizzly Adams, the Bear-tamer of the Rocky Mountains and author of the Celebrated Story of Nick Whiffles in the Nor'-West, entitled:

THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

To commence in our next issue, No. 46,

course of the next ten or twelve years, I met him, perhaps, a half dozen times, on each occasion with renewed pleasure, as I always found something new to admire in the man. During all this time "Bruin" Adams was leading, perhaps, the most remarkable life of adventure that ever fell to the lot of any human being.

I doubt if there was a square mile of country from Clark's river to the Gulf that he had not traveled, hunted or fought over.

I was at Santa Fe when I heard of the death of Old Grizzly, learning at the same time that "Bruin" Adams was then in the city of Mexico, whither he had gone on some important mission.

The following year the war broke out, and I once started for the States, going in by way of St. Louis.

Here a most agreeable surprise awaited me.

In the office of the Planter's House, I met—once more—my friend "Bruin" Adams, who, like myself, was hastening to offer his services to his country.

This he did on arriving at Washington, and he was at once authorized to enroll a battalion of sharpshooters, with the rank of captain. I need not say that his services in this department were invaluable to the Federal forces.

He served throughout the war with distinguished success, and, at its close, he returned to his native place.

During the war his father had died, and young Adams found himself possessed of a comfortable fortune, together with the old homestead on the banks of the Seneca Lake.

Here, at his own request, I visited him, and spent the most delightful three months of my life, comparing notes and "fighting our battles over again."

In this way I first became aware of my friend's remarkable power of description—his "tact," to use a common phrase, in telling a story.

Of one character whom he had met, he was particularly enthusiastic—an old trapper, a true representative of that class of men, and of whom he related many stirring incidents. I suggested the idea of his making this man the leading character of a story of Wild Life, such as he was so well qualified to write, and, after considerable persuasion, he finally consented.

With the same energy that marks every action of his life, he entered upon the work, and before leaving him, he submitted to my inspection a story of extraordinary interest and power, replete with incidents of the most startling nature, etc., etc.

This manuscript I placed in the hands of the publishers of this paper, who, like myself, seeing its extraordinary merit at once secured not only it but all that the Hunter-Author may produce. Readers of Wild Wood Romance will find in Captain Adams a worthy successor to his great namesake's fame, as the power of delineation betrayed in the "Phantom Princess," will most fully demonstrate.

BEAT TIME'S NOTES.

THERE are some who think that because insanity has been a hereditary amusement in our family I am, or soon will be, in a state of mind that will fit me to become a superintendent of a lunatic asylum. Nothing of the sort. Such a thing is practically impossible from the fact that my brain is a phlegmologist and it was very large, but remarked that he couldn't tell its exact location; so, from that I infer I am all brain! I am so evenly balanced. My wife says there is no danger of me ever going crazy. All her applications of skilllets have failed to effect any thing like a mental derangement that is anywhere noticeable. As long as a man feels smarter than any body else he's safe. I'm safe.

"Too much prosperity makes a man a fool!" Ah, then, who would wish to be wise?

No matter how deep in adversity a man may be, he always thinks there is something better for him, and no matter how favored a man may be, his neighbor always thinks there is something worse for him.

It is cruel to have your butcher bill your meat, and then refuse to meet your bill.

A PHRENOLOGIST who was kicked by a mule, says he was much struck by its agility.

In the slow process of bygone ages that succeeded each other alternately, an infinitesimal grain of conscious sand leisurely lying on the shore of the Atlantic, following the course of its destiny, grew up to be the celebrated Plymouth Rock. It was not the destiny of our Plymouth fathers to land any place else. True, the landing was better on either side of it, but how perfectly absurd would it be to read that they landed to the north of Plymouth Rock or at Coney Island? It is doubted that the rock could have held them all, but such doubts are poisonous. On the rock they set the Plymouth pulpit and unpacked their furniture, of which they had so much they might well be considered our earliest furniture dealers.

If that rock had not been so honored what a terrible waste of poetry in the rough would there be? How many poor-titanic odes would have come to naught? And oh, my friends, while you paint the names of your patent medicines upon that rock, do not wholly obliterate it; and I earnestly entreat you to make your letters a little better, or that will surely be the rock upon which we will split.

BEAT TIME.